The
INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VI. JULY & AUGUST, 1933. No. 4.

BECAUSE OF CHARACTER

(By S. Uma Maheswar)

That man goes up from the multitude,
Who clings to the right with all his might,
Who tempteth not and is tempted never,
Because of character.

Sweet or sour he knoweth nought,
Stern conscience is his constant guide,
Straight his way and strong alway,
Because of character.

You hear his voice where thousands roar,
You see his face where millions throng,
His step is bold, his fists are clenched,
Because of character.

Pleasure fadeth, pelf may rust,
And golden pomp to its autumn draw,
The man of right stands all the blight,
Because of character.

Him not the straits of circumstance.
Nor may the rapids of desire,
Corrupt or overbear; he stands
Because of character.

The ruined sot bemoans his lot,
His days are dross, his life's a loss,
While see him stand commanding still,
The man of character.

He buildeth still his human self,
He fears no shipwreck; flags a'flying,
He reins the foaming steeds of waves,
The man with character

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Per K. P. P. Tampi)

INDIA IN SHAKESPEARE

By Miss Fitzgerald

THE sunshine of India and her natural beauty, her peoples and their philosophy, and her wealth in natural resources, has captured the fancy of English writers of all ages. Most of the Elizabethan, Georgian and Victorian poets of repute, have made references to India and things Indian.

Chaucer's *merchant* swore by 'Saint Thomas of India'. Milton spoke of Ind and the 'gorgeous East', while Spenser referred to the 'wealth of the East'. Dryden wrote a play on Aurangzebe. Johnson took pleasure in corresponding with Warren Hastings in India. Goldsmith and Burke very nearly went to India. Southey's "*Curse of Kehama*" and Moore's "*Lalla Rookh*" have Eastern themes. Byron, too, was to have gone to India, and his biographer Moore believed that he would have written on Rajput themes if he had actually gone there.

Again, there is a clear impression of the influence of Indian philosophy on the thoughts of all the great poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and Mathew Arnold. Wordsworth was a mystic in the Eastern sense; and Shelley was Hindu in sentiment, for the Advaitic doctrine of Maya found expression in his work. Browning expressed the Hindu belief of *re-incarnation* in a stanza in his famous poem "*Rabbi Ben Ezra*". And Mathew Arnold might be regarded as one to whom the ideal of *renunciation* appealed.

The earlier Elizabethans knew India only as a distant but fabulously wealthy country. Later, however, when the English voyagers formed their trading company in the 16th century and sailed to the East, the Elizabethan knowledge of India began to grow, although it was often highly misleading. Shakespeare's references to India indicate that Englishmen were attracted there by her riches. But the poet's fancy was not only kindled by her wealth; but also Indian scenery, Indian characters, and Indian customs fascinated him.

In "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" (11, 2), there is a passage where Shakespeare describes a merchants' voyage. Titania says to Oberon:

"Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow [sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the [flood,
When we have laughed to see the sails [conceive
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton [wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire),

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with mercandise."

Then Shakespeare gives a list of countries visited by Elizabethan traders In "*The Merchant of Venice*" (III, 2), Bassanio asks Solanio:

"What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?"

In "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" (I, 3), Falstaff, referring to Mistresses Ford and Page, says:

"They shall be my East and West Indies,
and I will trade to them both."

'East and West Indies' refer, of course, to India, the most important of all countries and affording the richest trade to the Englishman.

In "*Macbeth*" (IV, 3), Macduff says to Malcolm:

"I would not be the villain that thou thinkest
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot."

Here the common idea among the Elizabethans about India's wealth finds expression.

In "*King Henry IV*" (pt. I, III, 1), Mortimer says of his father-in-law:

"In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India."

The wealth of India was in her mines, abounding with gems and other precious stones, that formed one of the commodities the English traded in with India. So the 'bountifulness' of Indian mines became with them a metaphor for liberality and magnificence.

Again, in "*Henry VIII*" (I, 1), the Duke of Norfolk uses the metaphor,

"Today, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English, and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine."

The Elizabethans knew that India was also the 'bed' of pearls. In *Troilus and Cressida*" (I, 1), Troilus speaks to himself:

"Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl";

and he would go and win her, like the merchant-voyagers who sailed [illegible]dia and brought pearls from there.

Shakespeare fancied that India was so rich in spices that the very air was laden with the odour. It was in this 'spiced air' that Titania and the mother of her page-boy used to gossip:

"In the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side."

The magnificence and grandeur of Mughal durbars and coronations when the king, powdered with gold dust and seed pearl, sat on a throne of gold and ivory, attended by handsome little page-boys, while pearls and jewels were strewn at his feet, roused Shakespeare's imagination. In "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" (II, 1), the fairy King feels envious of these pretty page-boys:

"Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant hath

A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king"

Again, in "*Antony and Cleopatra*" (II. 5), Cleopatra says to the messenger:

"I have a mind to strike thee ere thou [speak'st :
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive [to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee."

Shakespeare refers to sun-worship in India, but this betrays his meagre knowledge of India's religion and beliefs. In "*Love's Labour's Lost*" (IV, 3), Biron, in his lover's enthusiasm, asks:

"Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of [Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous [East,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken [blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedi- [ent breast?"

Similarly, in "*All's Well that Ends Well*" (I, 3). Helen confessing her love for Bertram says:

"Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sun, that looks upon his worship- [per,
But knows of him no more."

We find Shakespeare making Titania snub her 'lord' Oberon, by asking

"Why art thou here
Come from the furthest steepe of India?"
(Midsummer Night's Dream II,1).

We could say therefore that he was to some extent familiar with the physical features of Indla.

In "*The Merchaut of Veniee*" (III,2), Bassanio compares the golden casket to

"the beauteous scarf,
Veiling an Indian beauty."

Here, perhaps, Shakespeare has in his mind the 'purdah' system of India; and the custom prevalent generally of marrying without the bride having been previously seen by the bridegroom, as will be seen by the scroll:

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, aud choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

Shakepeare also refers to a number of Indian plants and animals.

A PRAYER FOR RAIMENT

"Clothe my body, if Thou wilt, in sober hue ;
The homely wren hides easily from view.
Yet deck my mind in gold and silver sheen
Like a dove's plumes with rainbow lights between.
And for my soul—give me as blithe array
As Thy blue kingfisher wears every day."

From *The Treasure Chest.*

THE HELLENISTIC AGE

By I. D. Tangaswami

ON the sixth of July, three hundred and fifty-six years before the birth of Christ, the temple of Diana at Ephesus took fire, and all the wise men who were then at Ephesus "ran about the town beating their faces and crying that the day had brought forth the great scourge and destroyer of Asia". On the same day, three messengers ran with extraordinary tidings to Philip, the King of Macedon, who had just taken the city of Potidoea. The first messenger informed him that Parmenio had routed the Illyrians in a great battle; the second that his race horse had won the prize at the Olympic games; and the third that his wife Olympias had been delivered of a boy-child. Philip's joy was great and the soothsayers increased it by their prediction that a son born among three victories must grow up to be invincible. This marvellous boy became known to history as Alexander the Great.

Alexander was but twenty years of age when he succeeded his father to the throne of Macedon. Before his death thirteen years later, he had conquered a vast Empire in the East, comprising regions unknown and fabulous to the Europeans of those days. His "journey of conquest was marked by heaps of bones on battlefields and by blackened ashes of ruined towns." But at the same time, he planted cities and colonies as he passed. The influence of Greece travelled along with him over the then-known world; and, in the vast inheritance that the Greeks acquired from him, Greece itself formed a small item, Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt became Greek lands, and soon Greek learning took root in them and throve more vigorously than in Greece.

Alexander was the first to discover that the Orientals were not barbarians, as the Greeks fondly imagined. When his master, Aristotle, advised him to treat Orientals differently from the Greeks, he brushed aside the advice as antiquated. He moved breathlessly from country to country, having no time to consolidate the conquests he had made, with the result that his untimely death in his camp at Babylon plunged his Empire into utter confusion. Forty-five years of wars and carnage followed, in which most of the companions and successors of Alexander lost their lives. Many of the sataraps of the Empire shook off the royal yoke and became independent princes assuming the title of kings. But this confusion is also marked by the rise of a perfectly new epoch in Hellenic and Eastern history, an epoch of Hellenistic culture.

Just at this time, a violent foreign element intruded itself into the crumbling empire and threatened to overthrow all its civilisation. A Celtic wave swept over Macedonia and Thrace and entered Asia. But this barbarous invasion only knitted together the feelings and interests of the Greek-speaking people. Even an Indian or an

Ethiopian was looked upon as something different from these barbarian Celts, if he only spoke the Greek language.

Out of the confusion into which the Alexandrian Empire had been plunged, there arose three kingdoms fairly strong and stable, and some others less strong and stable. All these were permeated with the civilisation and language of Greece; and with their rise commences the golden age of Hellenism.

The kingdom of Egypt passed into the hands of Ptolemy, one of Alexander's generals. Its throne was occupied by his descendants until it was conquered by the Romans within a few years of the Christian era. To the land of the Pharohs the advent of the Ptolemaic dynasty marked altogether a new period. Ptolemy established his capital in Alexandria, a city founded by Alexander himself; and by increasing and beautifying it, he made it by far the greatest city in the Alexandrian Empire and a model for all the rest. Greek learning found its most congenial home there. The town reached its highest level of greatness and splendour during the reigns of the first three Ptolemies, which extended over a century. A museum was established which corresponded somewhat to a modern university. It was a kind of college with a hall where the professors dined together, with rooms for lectures and a theatre for public disputations. Attached to it were a garden of medicinal plants, a menagerie of wild beasts and birds and a famous library of seven hundred thousand volumes. It attracted all who desired knowledge and, like mediaeval universities, it turned into a huge engine of instruction. It was there that the Old Testament of the Bible and the Zend Avesta of the Zoroastrians were translated into Greek under royal patronage. There, lexicons and grammars were first compiled, geography was elevated to a science, stars were mapped and catalogued, anatomy was studied, chemical experiments were made and Euclid produced that work "which every school-boy knows".

While Ptolemy established a Greek dynasty in Egypt, Selucus, another of Alexander's generals did the same in Syria by the banks of the Euphrates. Syria's capital, Antioch, was built on the model of Alexandria and, though it did not rise up to the level of Alexandria, its greatness and splendour were so great that people of all nations flocked to it to enjoy the fruits of Greek culture and to commune in the Greek tongue. The descendants of Selucus were as fond of science and letters as the Ptolemies. One of them, who came a century later and received the surnames of 'Epiphanes', the *Illustrious* and 'Epimanes' the *Madman* (the latter with greater justification), is well-known to the readers of the "Books of Maccabees", which by some learned men is considered to have been excluded from the Bible by curious perversity and mental blindness. He was a humane and enlightened prince, but in his enthusiasm for Greek culture and civilisation he attempted to Europeanise that most conservative of people, the Jews of Jerusalem. In doing so, he betrayed himself into barbarous and useless crimes, which got for him the reputation of a Nero.

There were two other centres of Hellenistic culture, which deserve as

much mention as Alexandria and Antioch. The three big kingdoms which rose on the break-up of the Alexandrian Empire began to decline. The brilliance of Egypt became dim after the reign of the first three Ptolemies; the Macedonian kings ceased to be splendid; and even Syria became enervated. The chief glory of Hellenism now began to fall to the secondary powers, of which Rhodes and Pergamum were the most prominent. The island of Rhodes was the station of the Peloponnesian fleet in the pre-Alexandrine days. When kings arose all over Alexander's Empire, the small free states found it necessary to secure their independence by federating together. The Rhodian republic was the chief organiser and leader of a federation of mercantile cities, whose navy had attained to considerable celebrity. Its code of commercial morality was so high that everyone trusted it with investments. Its system of marine mercantile law was considered so perfect that all Hellenistic states accepted it. Even down to the Roman times it was regarded as one of the best places to send young men to for their education. The great Roman general, Julius Cæsar, is said to have studied elocution there for two years.

Rhodes had its rival in the monarchical state of Pergamum. One of its kings vanquished the Celtic barbarians who had settled in the province of Galatia and attained thereby great popularity among his subjects. He represented the art and culture of Hellenism as much as any of the Ptolemies. A history of Greek art cannot be written without a chapter on the style and character of the Pergamum school. The court was fashioned on the model of Alexandria with a great library, and the amiable character of the royal house, which was not marred by murders and jealousies, gave tone to the society of the capital. No Hellenistic city bears a more enviable character, not only for art and literature, but also for peacefulness and contentment.

During the forty-five years of war and confusion which followed the demise of Alexander, two schools of philosophy arose and influenced life to a considerable extent in Hellenistic centres. The philosophies of Epicurus and Zeno known respectively as Epicureanism and Stoicism were practical, though not entirely without speculation. They were essentially cosmopolitan, holding that "there was no longer Jew or Gentile, Greek or Barbarian, bond or free". In this they were, unlike the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, fit for all the world which spoke the Greek language.

It must be observed that in the Hellenistic age, the Greek literature could not be so original and vigorous as the literature of Greece before the days of Alexander. In tho new Hellenistic centres created by his conquests, the Greek language was only an artificial plant cultivated for carrying on commerce. It is, therefore, no matter for surprise that literature was shallow and somewhat debased. Still, there was such a variety of learning that the period forms an important epoch in the history of the world's culture.

By the decree of the Judge of the Nations, the pomp and power of the Alexandrian Empire became in course of time one with Nineveh and Tyre! For more than half a century, two great

republics outside the Greek world fought each other for the mastery of the West. After a stubborn war characterised by marvellous exploits, Carthage submitted to Rome. Intoxicated with this good fortune, Rome turned to the East, betraying itself into ruthless ambition and greed for plunder. One kingdom after another in Greece and the East were reduced into Roman provinces, until the whole Empire of Alexander became the Empire of Rome.

Rome's contact with the East demonstrated that, although the Romans were superior in force of arms, they were remarkably inferior in culture. So conscious were they of the inferiority that they longed to be recognised as members of the Hellenistic world and as worthy of friendly relationship with the East. They based their claim to membership on their descent from the Trojans; and by this stupid snobbery they caused no little merriment in Eastern Courts, to whom there was no claim beyond Alexander!

The influence of Hellenism on Rome was at first not altogether very healthy. The Romans were attracted to Greek literature only by its superficial aspects. They were not altogether without a literature of their own, but their books were vastly inferior to those possessed by the Greeks. It was therefore inevitable that they should mould their literature on Greek models. In all their diplomatic correspondence with the East, they employed the Greek language and insisted that a knowledge of Greek should form an important part of a noble's education. The majority of fashionable young Romans were thus led to borrow their ideas from the debased and shallow culture, which obtained in Alexandria and other Hellenistic centres. In return for what they received from the Hellenists, they imparted to them some of their own foibles! The princes of the East learned all the faults and insolences of the Roman character. "Roman selfishness and greed very soon made horrible inroads upon the prosperity of the Hellenistic world". Fortunately, there were among the Romans some who were far less impure and much better than the majority. These learned the best that Greek writings had recorded on philosophy, history, poetry and arts and bequeathed them to the world in the Roman form.

The vast empire established by the genius of Alexander, although broken up on his death by his ambitious generals, was held together in spirit and culture by unity in lauguage, interests and commerce. In course of time it sank into dependence on another power and lost its history. But its ideas continued to influence the march of the civilised world for centuries afterwards.

If the sad old world should jump a cog
Sometime, in its dizzy spinning,
And go off the track with a sudden jog,
What an end would come to the sinning;
What a rest from strife and the burdens of life,
For the millions of people in it;
What a way out of care and worry and wear,
All in a beautiful minute!

E. W. Wilcox.

CEYLON, THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE

(By Lily Dexter Greene.)

TO travel through the Orient is to find so many places of rare beauty and wonderful attractiveness, that it would not be at all difficult to imagine that one had found the Garden of Eden, that perfect abode of our first parents.

Ceylon, that isle o'er which the "spicey breezes blow," claims to be the most beautiful island in the world. Whether or not this claim can be proven, it is quite true that it is a place of rare beauty, with fascinating scenes on every hand.

To the inhabitant of India and especially to the devout Hindu, it is associated with the great Indian Epic, the Ramayana, for in that accout Sita, the beautiful and faithful wife of Rama, was carried off to Ceylon. There the inhabitants of the island watched over her and, when Rama went to her rescue, he was asssisted by Hanuman the king of the monkeys, who helped to construct a bridge by which she escaped from the demon Ravana.

While standing on the deck of the steamer, the scene is one of rare beauty and attractiveness. The red soil, the red buildings, the blue sky and the deeper blue of the ocean, with the varied shades of green in the rich tropical vegetation, all combine to paint a most artistic picture of extreme loveliness.

All about us in the harbour, huge steamers flying flags of their respective nations attract our attention. Most unique in appearance is the *catamaran*, a quaint sort of row-boat with long poles tied at one side for balance, but seldom seen in the harbour, owing to the danger of being overturned by the small craft.

The broad marine drive from the jetty to the Hotel is indeed an enjoyable trip. One drives past the residence of the Governor of the Island, then passes the long line of military barracks, next enters a long open space of seashore on the right and finally reaches the great esplanade on the left.

The *Jinrikhsha*, which carries you swiftly through this changing panorama, adds to the picturesque aspect of the charming ride along this wonderful road. Graceful palms and quaint little huts, surrounded by plantain clumps and the constantly-shifting crowd of folks in picturesque garments, make a moving picture full of Oriental color and beautiful scenes.

An idea of the size of the Island may be had from the fact that it takes nine days to go around it by steamer.

It has a fascinating history, which dates back to many centuries before Christ. It has been invaded in turn by Brahmans, Tamils, Portuguese, Dutch and British.

A trip to Ceylon would not be complete without the journey by rail to

Kandy, the ancient capital of the Island, where dwelt the former Kings of Ceylon. The scenery, as we pass up and around the mountain sides, is a constantly-changing, fascinating panorama with glimpses of quaint little houses nestling in the midst of dense sheltering groves of trees, with cultivated fields and gardens almost hidden from view by the luxuriant vegetation of the great old forest trees and with signs of growth and life on every side. The terraced hillsides are full of cultivated paddy fields, while great plantations of tea and cocoa are scattered along the steep slopes.

Villages and busy crowds are to be seen pursuing their various occupations. Here and there we find schools with scores of lively, bright-faced boys and girls climbing intellectual heights.

Ceylon, like all Eastern lands, is full of many peoples speaking many tongues. The pure Singalese are a most attractive people. They are thin and tall and seemingly not very strong, but in lands where a vegetable diet is used, people are usually stronger than they seem. The women wear graceful garments wrapped around their bodies, the skirt long and clinging, the bodice low and prettily trimmed both at the top and bottom with frills and laces. The men too drape their garments about them, but their most noticeable custom is that of allowing their hair to grow long. They do it up in a knot at the back and then fasten it with a peculiar semi-circular tortoise-shell comb.

The little children have beautiful black eyes with long drooping lashes, and though they are sometimes clothed in one thin little garment of brilliant colour; more often they content themselves with a string of beads around the neck.

Here as in India the washermen beat the clothes on flat stones, then rinse them in cold water and finally spread them out on the sands to dry and bleach in the hot tropical sunshine. It is astonishing what results come from such primitive methods.

Here too, crowds of people gather on all festival occasions, and in garments of every hue, and in groups great and small surge through the temples and sacred shrines of this wonderfully interesting island of verdure and luxuriant tropical beauty.

BY A POOL

By a pool,
Shady, cool,
Lilies grew,
Kingcups too!
Squirrels came,
Timid, tame,
And they drank
At the bank.

Beauteous fountain
By the mountain,
Sparkled clear,
In the air:
Sunlight laughed,
Where I quaffed,
And I thrilled,
Heaven-filled!

Herbert Porter.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

ADVANCE OF INDIAN WOMEN.

Too much, I think, is being made of the home complex for women at the present time. Every one is afraid that woman will come to be man - woman, and that her virtues of domesticity will wear away to nothing. Now, there is no denying that the home is first of all the sphere of a woman. That must form the bed-rock of her career. But have you considered the following points? *First*, man has a share in the home also and therefore an equal partnership in it. But your reply will be that man does shoulder this part of his responsibility, for he earns for his home, takes up a certain part of his children's education etc., But how many men there are, who do not do the latter on the plea of heavy business worries? And do you think it is easy for a woman to be father as well as mother to her children and to endure alone the unending troubles of domesticity? *Secondly*, there are said to be more women than men in this world. What is to happen to the surplus women? Is polygamy to be encouraged, or is the world of business going to be thrown open more and more freely to women? *Thirdly*, home should not mean the domestic sphere alone, but should include a good deal of the outside world as well. Home means the atmosphere of home, which should warm, charm and endear society and the state also. Moreover, home should be widened by outside influences. As Sri Abhyambal says

"It cannot be dissociated from its relation to and its bearing upon the society and the nation. The home should be vitalised and enriched by the broadening and liberalising influences of the larger social and national life. The woman in the home is the proper medium of communication between the home and the largerlife outside its limits. Hence, the wider her outlook the better will be the home."

Fourthly, woman has as good a brain as man, as good an endurance and a moral character, though her physical strength is less. Is she then to waste her brain only on the home? Should she not try her hand—and a capable hand it is too—on public affairs? "Women's activities and usefulness are bound to overflow the limits of home, and it should be the function of education to regulate and direct them into channels of varied usefulness covering the wide expanses of life. It is now being recognised that in its full unfoldment the personality of women is such as to shed its wholesome influence, not only over the home but also over the entire range of all departments of life."

What sort of education then should be given to women? There is no need always for them to claim equality with men. Let them strike out their own line, remembering that much of their work is complementary to man's, in the home as well as in public. At the same time there is no need that

women's education should be limited in other ways, in the anxiety that they should remain womanly beings, especially in India. As I said in our last number, a training in domestic study is needed for our women, but it should not be made a part of the university course. Other ways must be found to impart it, as a pleasure, not as an unwelcome duty. Apart from this, all the fields of culture and education must be thrown open to women as well as to men, for "a cultured woman is as valuable an asset to the home as the educated man is". This does not mean at any time that all women should take up the higher education of men. No; but only those who have shown a special liking, or a special aptitude for it, and those women who cannot, or who will not, accept marriage as their career.

Hear the plaint of an Indian in England, about the women of his nation, who migrate to the foreign country:—
"The majority, however, of the women who come to England for post-graduate courses are deplorably different. They have to be chaperoned during their voyage and chaperoned throughout their stay here. The hide-bound social restrictions, to which they have been used, cling to them so tenaciouly that they are helpless to take advantage of their freedom.

A woman of this type is happiest when left to herself in her own rooms with her cooking vessels. She evinces no desire for sports or the recreations available at clubs, theatres or talkies, as she is uncomfortable in crowds. Her face contorts painfully through shyness, when a man sits next to her in a crowded train or restaurant."

Hear again the lament of an Indian about his women in sport. "But the majority of our species of the female sex are shy at open-air exercise, whatever form it may take, except perhaps a surreptitious walk by the street walls late in the evening. Indian women retain a form that is supple and graceful and can be developed into an artistic mould. But early marriage and early immolation on the altar of marriage leaves an Indian girl at the age of twenty-five a dowdy immobile being, who looks more like a grand-mother than a mere mother of six babies. Surely, our girls can do better with their early training, which can be safely utilised in making them freer, nobler and more enchanting."

Different sections of our society are blamed for this state of affairs. Mr. Chinna Durai would blame the man. "Men, who have fabricated a type of society through which to hold them in perpetual subjection, those men who laboriously turn over the pages of ancient scriptures to argue in what high honour our wemen were and have to be held, need only glance at the present society, which they have either made or tolerated, for their answer."

But I do not think that men in India alone are to blame for their antagonism to women. Men all over the world somehow naturally do not seem to wish the gentler sex to invade their haunts. Take the modern cry of Cambridge. "*No more women,*" we are told was the title for an annual May Week *revue.* "We hope that this will be a turning-point in the history of the *Footlights*", said the manager of that club. "The title alone should serve to show that we regard the departure from

tradition as a mistake' There are again some clubs in England, which are exclusive to men; and those old institutions, which admitted women, did so only after vigorous protest. This antipathy therefore seems to be a natural one, but one wonders as to the cause. Is it the fear that the prized solemnity of such institutions will be dissipated by trifling and flippancy? Is it the dread that the freedom of men will be limited by unnecessary chivalry? Is it merely the result of the age-long diversity of the sexes? Whatever it is, it should be respected in a measure by women, who on their side, should not try to force themselves on the men, constantly claim equality, or for ever try to imitate them. Why should they? Are not the standards of feminism good ones? Do men try to ape women?

Apart from their men, Indian women have also to blame themselves, their apathy, their conventionalism, their conservatism. Far from forging a way for themselves, so many of our women do not even come forward to accept, nay even refuse, the opportunities of advance given them. All over the world, in Russia, in Japan, in Turkey, in Persia, women are claiming independence; and it is time our women joined in. Gandhiji "calls upon women to demand and inspire respect by ceasing to think of themselves as the objects of masculine desire only. Let them forget their bodies and enter into public life, assume the risks, and suffer the consequences of their convictions. When it comes to suffering, women will always surpass men. Let women have no fear. The weakest will be able to preserve her honour."

There is no doubt, however, that a minority of Indian women *is* breaking its bonds, "Educated women", says Mr N. S. Subba Rao, "happily have not left the matter in doubt, and claim for their sex equality of educational and occupational opportunities. They are not likely to be deflected from this view by any specious suggestion." An article written in *The Modern Review* on the progress of women's progress in India by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur Sahiba, gives us valuable information. The origin of the movement, as we know, may be traced to the work of reformers like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Swami Dayanad, Mrs. Ranade, Pundita Ramabai and some Christian missionaries. Then came the response in India to the emancipation of women in the West after the war. The Women's Indian Association was started in Madras in 1917 and spread all over Southern India. There are other like associations, such as the Federation of University women in India, the National Council of Women in India and several Provincial Womens Councils. Not to be omitted is the All India Women's Conference, which has already held six annual sessions. It was this conference, which started the All India Education Fund Association, which in its turn had the central training institution for women opened in Delhi. Also it was helpful in getting the Child Marriage restraint Act passed. There are also societies for women everywhere, such as The Saroj Nalini Dutt Mahila Samiti in Poona, the Seva Sadans in Bombay and Madras, the College of Arts for women in Nagpur, the Womens' University in Poona, the Vanita Vishr

rams in Bombay, Ahmedabad etc., rescue homes, widows' homes, schools for social workers, child - welfare and maternity homes, Ladies' Recreation Clubs, special schools for girls, and many others. Women are taking part in public life, in councils, on benches of justice, in municipal bodies and public committees, and as inspectresses, teachers, speakers. doctors, nurses and health visitors. In literature also they are gaining fame, as shown by the names of Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu. The education of girls is progressing. There was an increase of 1171 in schools for girls, and a rise from 80483 to 138941 in the number in such schools, besides those studying in boys' schools. Women are working hard for the abolishing of social evils, such as early marriage, non-marriage of widows, the purdah system, polygamy, drink, and are trying to reform conditions of women in villages, industrial areas and so on. Women have also found a rich field in political service and Swadeshi propaganda. Yet there is much to be done in every quarter and in every direction. As the Rajkumari remarks, "To serve whole-heartedly, to give without stint, is an essential part of the developement of a free woman. We have to battle against apathy, prejudices, and ignorance, but there is within us now a passion for reform which, I like to believe, has been kindled at an altar where burns the flame of love for God and man. The women of India are no longer willing to submit to standards, whether legal, political or ethical, which have been set for them by the male conscience of the community; we are passionately aware that such standards have often been allowed to imply the complete subordination or even degradation of whole classes of women; we are aware of the necessity of finding and being judged by our own standards of free human beings, voluntarily accepted. We will, I am sure, resolutely refuse to accept any safety in any sphere for one class at the cost of any of our sisters. We are striving to learn that the claim of the race is greater than any personal happiness. We realise that there is no short cut out of our difficulties, that the road may be long and wearisome, but there is always hope in the great and unifying principle which guides us and in the light of which we can go forward with patience and courage to learn, to think and to strive—the principle of reverence and love."

A PROMINENT INDIAN LADY

Lady Vidyagaori Ramanbai Nilkanth.

The interestiug personality of this noble lady ought to be placed before the world. Her autobiography will surely serve as an ideal and a guide to the present and later generations of women. She has done innumerable philanthropic actions. Here are two:—

Once I went to her bungalow to consult her about the Gujarat Ladies' Club. I saw her surrounded by Harijan boys, to whom she was teaching the vernacular alphabet. In this way she

THREE PROMINENT INDIAN WOMEN

Her Highness **Shrimathi Rani Bowrammanni**, Rani of Nellyvalam Samasthanam, Nilgiris, was the President of the All-India Shrimadveer Saiva Mahila Parishat, held at Dharwar on 18th and 19th of May.

Photo:—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

Lady Vidyagaori Ramanbhai Neelkanth

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, daughter of the late Rajah Sir Harnam Singh of Kapurthala, who hat been claiming equality for women before the Joins Select Committee, London.

By courtesy of The Illustrated Weekly of India.

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FIVE WINNERS OF WOMEN'S PRIZES

Miss Muktha Subba Rao won cups in tennis Singles, Badminton Doubles, and Finger Billiards, in the Tournament conducted by the Hyderabad Ladies' Recreation Club.

Baby Kuruvilla aged 11 and **Thangamma Kuruvilla** aged 8, daughters of Mr. P. V. Kuruvilla, Teacher, V. M. Girls' School, Trevancore, were awarded Gold Medals in appreciation of their musical talents.

Miss D. Jenkins, a 12 year old girl Student of the Christ Church Girls' School, Jubbulpore, (C. P.) has been awarded the title of "**Miss Jubbulpore 1933**" in the Beauty competition held recently in the New Central Cafe, Jubbulpore.

Mrs. Leela Bai Kamath of Mangalore, has come out first in the Madras Presidency in the Rashtra Basha Hindi Examination held recently. She was also awarded the first prize in the elocution competition held on the occasion of the All Karnataka Hindi Conference,

Photos:—*Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

gives much help to Harijans quietly and without show, just as to actions of every-day routine. Moreover, her charity to the depressed classes started some years ago, when there was no agitation for the abolition of untouchability, but when on the contrary the dominant superiority and mastery of orthodox Hindus was keeping down the so-called lower orders.

Another benevolent action of hers was to save a *chhipa* family from destruction. A *chhipa* boy was working so hard for Lady Vidyagaori in the Ahmedabad Municipality works that I felt interested and asked him his name and address. After answering me, he told me something more about her and said that she had saved the family from destruction by giving a large sum of money in charity to his mother at the time of his father's death, when she and her children intended to die from poison because of their wretched condition.

She is a member of the Ahmedabad Municipality, the treasurer of the Gujarat Ladies' Club, Hon. Secretary of the Gujarat Vernacular Society, and she conducts many functions of social service. She writes books and contributes learned articles to the 'Budhi-Prakash' and to other magazines.

Devdatt I. Tripathi.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

DETECTIVE JANAKI

By K. S.

(Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her; she must either marry Natesan or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisemet she has answered. She marries him, after gaining his permission to carry on with her hobby which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house.)

CHAPTER VI.

He assented, and they drove in. No one came to greet them; and they went to the back of the house to get hold of some one.

Soon, the dark handsome man, whom Janaki had seen at the station, came out and told them the house was not for rent. Janaki was now at a loss. What could they do further, she wondered.

Seshan came to the rescue as usual. Even in her anxiety, Janaki found time to credit him with that.

"Can we go in and look at some of the rooms?" he asked with a charming smile. "My wife and I are anxious to build a house; and yours looks such a nice one, thet I thought we conld get some ideas from it."

The man hesitated. "My wife's not very well," he said.

Janaki pricked up her ears at once. Had he beaten her, or punished her in any way?

"But we won't disturb her," Seshan hastened to add. "We just want to look at the principal rooms."

"Speak for yourself," Janaki mumbled under her breath.

They went into the front-room. It was very barely furnished, and their host thought it his duty to apologise. "We have just returned to the house after a long absence, and we have to get in furniture yet," he said.

"Didn't you come this morning?" Seshan asked pleasantly. "I thought I saw you at the station."

"Did you?" asked the man with a scowl.

"Now, why is he so cross?" Janaki said to herself, and where is his poor little wife?"

They saw two or three rooms, for, though poor-looking, the house was a large one. Then Janaki pricked up her ears. Behind one of the closed doors of what seemed the principal room, she thought she heard the sound of sobbing. As if accidentally, she pushed against the door, and it fell open. She hastened to apologise, even while she continued to open the door further. The host's scowl deepened. He came forward, but Janaki, with the assurance of desperation, stepped into the room.

"What a nice view you have from that window?" she cried, hoping generally there was one, and it happened there was. She went forward, then suddenly stopped.

"Oh! I am sorry," she exclaimed. "I did not know there was any one here. I didn't mean to disturb. But oh, what's the matter?" She had reason enough to say this, for the figure on the bed was huddled into a shaking sobbing heap.

"She - she has a headache," muttered the man, who had followed. Janaki went to the woman and put a gentle hand on her shoulder. A startled face, convulsed with weeping, showed itself and Janaki, her pity completely aroused, tenderly enquired if the headache was very severe. For answer, the girl, for she seemed to be very young, hid her face again, and burst into a fresh fit of sobbing.

Seshan put his hand on the man's arm, and drew him, reluctant though he was, from the room.

"Leave them alone," he asserted. "My wife will know how to make her better. Your poor wife seems to be suffering much,"

He had much ado to keep the man's distracted attention occupied; but he managed somehow to keep him away from the room for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time. his Janaki appeared, rather distrait but with an unmistakably triumphant expression on her face.

"She is better, and she wants to sleep. Shall we go now, Seshan?"

Then, she turned to her host. "Mr. Anantayya," she said, "thank you so much for allowing us to come in, and me to speak to your wife. She is a charming girl. May we come again?"

"Yes-yes," mumbled the unfortunate man, wholly at a loss. What to do before this assertive, astonishing young woman?

Janaki would not say much in the car, except that she had discovered

something; but at the house she burst out with the story.

"They have been together only a few months; and they are very poor, for the man is the owner of lands, which are paying badly. She seems to be in trouble about her brother, who has become involved in some unpleasant circumstances. She won't tell me what they are; and I had no time to coax her to do so."

"Is her husband angry with her? You thought he was."

"I was right," she said triumphantly; "He is cross, but she won't tell me why."

"She seems a very secretive person."

"She is quite right to be so, isn't she? After all, I am a stranger to her."

"Then, why force yourself into her affairs?"

"I don't know. I just feel I must help, and I shall do it too. She is such a nice girl. They are quite modern in their views, you know, by which I mean they are not conventionally conservative. She told me her husband's name freely, though a typical Indian woman will hesitate to do so. Her own is Sita."

After two days, she persuaded her husband to take her again to the house, on the pretext of enquiring after Sita's health.

Anantayya met them with a deeper scowl than ever. "You must not go in to my wife today;" he said point-blank to Janaki. "Her headache is worse than ever, and your visit to her did her more harm than good."

The poor little detective felt nonplussed, but gallantly tried to appear not so. She pulled up her slender figure in a very dignified manner, and frowned at the man. But, nonchalant as she appeared, her brain was working hard. And that it was working to some purpose could be seen from her next step. She turned suddenly on her host, and said to him.

"Please excuse me, but tell me why you are angry with her."

He was taken aback, and could only mutter,

"Angry? Who told you? Did she say it?"

"Certainly not. She is not that kind. You must not be unjust to her like that."

"I-I am not unjust."

"Then, why go on always suspecting her? Why not trust her? She is a sweet woman."

"Sweet to you, but a very devil inside."

It was Janaki's turn to be taken aback.

"A-a-devil?" she queried.

"You are surprised, eh? Well, you need to be. Everything that glitters is not gold, you know. You have dared to interfere in our matters; and you shall be made to interfere. Come here, come and see my wife, and I shall tell you before her what she has done to me."

Seshan thought it was high time to interfere. "My wife meant well to you and yours," he said; "if you don't like her interference, we shall go away. Come Janaki."

But Janaki would not listen. She caught the man before he went into his wife's room and whispered to him,

"What's she done?"

"She-she-has been meeting a man, I tell you, a strange man, *she*, lately married to me, the girl whom I loved, who-," his voice failed him.

"I am sure there must be some mistake," Janaki murmured consolingly

"It is good of you to believe in her; but I assure you there isn't any doubt", he growled. "She is not so innocent as she looks."

Janaki stared at him.

"She insists on meeting that man," continued the angry husband. "Even last night she tried to meet him, I tell you. She did meet him in fact, and I actually heard her whisper an appointment for tonight. What can I do with a woman like that? She is indeed mad about him. Oh, I could strangle her!"

Janaki shuddered. But she murmured, "I am sure there must be some explanation. Who is the man?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. All that I know is that he actually had the boldness to follow us here."

"Will you leave me alone for a while with you wife?" pleaded Janaki.

"You can talk to her if you like. But I shall tell you one thing. I cannot believe in any of her protestations. She has gone too far for that."

She went into the wife's room and after a while Janaki joined them. She seemed to have been weeping, but she also looked happy. Yet, she would not tell Anantayya anything about her interview.

"I told you there was an explanation," she asserted, "and there is. But you will not believe it without proof. May I suggest one thing? You say she is meeting the man tonight. Shall we watch her and see what happens?"

"You have not arranged anything with her, have you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Certainly not," cried Janaki. "Do you agree to my plan?" The man looked dubious, but he consented. So, Seshan and Janaki went away, after arranging to come to the house secretly at night.

In the car, our heroine said to her husband: "Her brother is the cause of all this trouble. He seems to have got in with a bad set, of whom this man is one. He has some deep hold over the poor boy, and is blackmailing him. It is to try to get him out of his clutches that Sita has been meeting him."

"Why didn't she tell her husband about it?"

"She is afraid of him. He seems to have all along been overbearing with her, and so cross. Besides, the man wants money, and she knows they have none to spare. She is so frightened that her husband may betray her brother to the police."

"What's he done?"

"She almost made me promise not to tell anyone; but I told her that we both meant well to her and hers. I believe he joined in with a gang of '*Good Robbers*', as they call themselves, who steal from rich and bad people to give to the poor and good. Did you say anything, Seshan?"

Her husband had exclaimed something, and now he said, "Yes, I thought I had heard about that gang. They became very bad at last, I think, deteriorated into just ordinary robbers. I might know this man. What is his name, did you say?"

"Murugesan".

"I have heard of him. In fact, I think he knows me, and I may be able to square things for Anantayya's wife. But, let us wait and see what happens

tonight. If she is innocent, she is certain to furnish proofs of it."

That night, they quietly slipped into Anantayya's house and were taken to a side-room. The irate husband stayed with them, after announcing, that, as he had done the night before, he had locked his wife alone into her room.

"How could she have got out then?" asked Seshan.

"Oh, through the window. I thought I had bolted it from outside; but this is an old house, and she escaped."

"To-night?"

"He will come to her at the back-door and try to open it for her. I heard her say something about it, before I interrupted her and dragged her away last night. She thinks, however, that I don't know that".

"How can we watch her then?" asked Seshan

"In other words spy on her?" sadly said Janaki.

"There is a sort of shed just there. We can stay in it."

"Won't she suspect it?"

"It has been full of firewood, and she will think there will be no place for anyone to stand there. But I have managed to empty half of it without her knowing."

"Won't she be afraid that you'll catch her again."

"She may, but yet she may risk things. I told you she was a devil.".

So they waited and at midnight they had their reward. In the almost complete darkness, almost before they knew it, a man had slipped up and the door had opened quietly.

He went in. Anantayya, inarticulate with anger, began to froth at the mouth. Janaki put her hand on his arm and murmured,

"Wait, wait. Be patient."

But she looked frightened. The wronged husband started forward; she followed, but Seshan hesitated. Janaki, however, whispered to him to come on.

"There is nothing wrong, I tell you. Come, but keep an eye on that poor man. He is mad with anger."

So they tip-toed to the window and looked in. They heard whispers; but it was only after a few seconds that they could see two people standing at the other end of the room.

"How to get nearer?" asked Janaki.

"The other window—the other window," stuttered Anantayya. "There is a slit in it".

So they went there and were able to hear something, but not to see, for the culprits were out of their angle of vision.

The woman seemed to be pleading for mercy: the man was adamant. At last, she gave in.

"Very well, but God help me. To-morrow, come at this time, and I shall give you what you want. But, will you keep your promise?"

"You know, what I want, don't you?" asked the man roughly. The money, or you——?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you, you pretty woman. Listen. If you play me false, you will be sorry you were ever born. Shall I go then?

"God, God," Janaki heard Anatayya mutter, and Janaki tightened the unconscious hold she had on her husband's arm.

The door slowly opened. Then, all at once things seemed to happen.

There was a roar, and a shot, and then a shriek.

Janaki heard herself scream. "He has got a revolver. Has he shot them?"

Then, Seshan closed with Anantayya, trying to get hold of his revolver. Janaki trembled. Suppose the weapon went off and shot Seshan. Oh God—

But Seshan got it and threw it aside.

"Now be quiet, you madman," he cried. "Come with me, and let us see what you have done. Janaki, take the torch from my pocket and show the way."

What a man of resource he was, thought Janaki even at that moment of stress; and how glad she was that he was safe.

With the light of the torch, they went into the room, and found dead silence. Sita had fainted in a corner, and theother man lay unconscious on the threshold.

"Have I - killed them? asked the husband.

"No, they move. Let us see." They found that Sita was unhurt, but the man's arm was broken. Anantayya broke into a satisfied chuckle.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, instead of laughing," Janaki cried shrilly. "Suppose you had killed them."

"I would have been very pleased! The unhappy wretches!"

"Oh, man, man, how cruel you are. But there, he has wakened. Bravo, Seshan, I did not know you could be a doctor too. You have bound up his arm beautifully. What does he say, Seshan?"

But Seshan did not hear her, for he was trying to quiet the villain. But the wounded man's eyes were blazing.

"If you - have betrayed me," they heard the man cry, "beware."

"Never, you know I would not do that", Seshan muttered. "But you will let her go now, won't you?"

"The brother?"

"Leave him alone; he seems to be a fool and a mad boy. I'll help you, if you want."

Anantayya had listened with open mouth; but now he could no longer hold himself in.

"What's all this"? he roared. "Are you too in league with him?"

"Stop, hush, she is coming to."

"Let her die if she likes, the baggage."

"Anantayya, bethink yourself. Can't you guess what's happened?"

"What?"

And then, they told him everything. At first, he would not believe them, but gradually assurance came to him. The injured man confirmed everything with grunts.

"But - but - she may have been willing to give herself to that wretch."

"Not she? She would have somehow managed to give him the money."

"Yes," they heard a plaintive voice crying. "I - I was going to confess to you and beg you for help. We - we - could have sold my *Kasumalai* (necklace of sovereigns)."

They heard Anantayya gulp, then he went down on his knees before his wife with a great cry. "My dear, my dear, why did you not come to me before? I might have killed you." He began to blubber.

THREE WOMEN PIONEERS OF INDIA

Dr. Mrs. Malinibai Sukhtankar, a prominent social worker, has been unanimously elected Chairman of the Bombay Schools Committee for 1933-34. This is the first time in the history of the Bombay city that a woman is elected to this post.

Mrs. Kamalabai Tilak M. A., Professor of English Literature, has been appointed Principal of the Women's College of the Benares Hindu University. She is a well-known Marathi writer and the first woman member of the Benares University Syndicate, also a member of the Senate.

Photos:—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

Srimathi E. K Janaki Ammal, M. A., D. Sc., F. L. S., Professor of Botany, H. H. The Maharaja's College of Science, Trivandrum, has been appointed a member of the Travancore Public Service Recruitment Committee, *vice* Miss. D. H. Watts, resigned.

Photo:—*Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

Indian Writer and Feminist.— Mme. Veverka, wife of the Czecho-Slovakian Minister to the United States, paints a portrait of the well-known Indian writer and feminist, Mrs. Mayadevi Gangulee.

Photo, U.P.S.

Begum Shah Nawaz,

who was one of the delegates to the Round Table Conferences, is now charming large audiences in England by her interesting addresses. She is a very good speaker.

By courtesy of The Illustrated Weekly of India

Janaki found herself sobbing. She drew Seshan and the wounded man away from the room. "He was always sorry for her," she murmured, "and he always loved her. Come away."

They took the man to a friend, who was a doctor. After the wound was attended to, they arranged that he should sleep there that night, and go away the next morning

"How did you persuade him, Seshan?" asked Janaki a little later. "I heard all sorts of things. He threatened you, and yet, he seemed to be afraid of you,"

"Well, you see, I knew him, and I knew something against him and have therefore a hold over him. I threatened to inform against him, if he proceeded further."

"I see. But if he belongs to a gang of robbers, you might have been able to get the whole of them, if you had put pressure on the man. Why did you let him go?"

"If I had given him up to the police, he would have betrayed Sita's brother; and then where would our friends have been"?

"He threatened you. There is no fear for you, is there?"

"None at all, you foolish child".

"Who is the head of this gang? There must be one, I suppose."

"There is; or there was, for the gang was broken up, I hear; and after that some of the members became really bad thieves. Still, Murugesan is too loyal to him, to betray him, There was some strange bond of affection between the *boss* and his gangsters."

"I would like to meet that man."

"Why?"

"He would be my hero, I am sure."

"Even though he is a wrong-doer."

"But he does wrong with good intentions. Never mind though about him. Let me thank you, Seshan, for your great help. You have helped me nobly. What would I have done with out you?"

"It was you, who started the whole affair"

"True; and I am so glad that my friends are so happy. Aren't you?"

"I am"

"You'll help me again?"

"Well - yes. I must, I suppose, with such a dominant wife as you."

"Let us shake hands again over our compact." They did so, like the truest of friends, and each thrilled at the idea that he had the other always as a sure and steadfast stand-by. But Janaki, in addition, trembled with exquisite love and hero-worship.

CONTENTMENT

Saint Francis, was a preacher in Italy and France: but he did not teach folk in order to gain money. He was content with very simple fare so long as he felt he was helping people by his preaching; and he begged his food from house to house.

One day he and his comrade, Brother Masseo, came to a town and Francis went down one street and Brother Masseo down another. Now, Francis was a small man and mean to look at, and Masseo was handsome and tall; and people gave but few scraps of food to Francis, and plenty to Brother Masseo. They met again outside the gate of the town, at a spot where a clear brook ran, and they sat on a large flat stone by the waterside, and on the stone put the broken bread, which the people had given them.

'Brother Masseo,' cried Saint Francis, with a joyful face 'we are not worthy of so vast a treasure.'

'Indeed,' said Masseo, 'but I see naught in this broken bread that can be called a treasure. We have no cloth, no knife, no plate, no bowl, no table, no servant.'

'But,' replied the Saint, 'we have bread to eat, a good table to place it on, and sweet water to drink from this stream.

From *The Treasure Chest.*

SLENDERNESS OF THREADS

By Prof. Dr. K. S. L. Guthrie

Slender the thereads by which hang destinies;
A word misplaced will alienate a friend;
The word of charm wins life-long loyalty;
A slight distraction brings our life to end.

The choice twixt applicants is critical;
The choice of fields of labor is occult;
Even an advertisement forces choice;
Trifling the cause, momentous the result.

A whisper is enough to mar or save;
The Voice that comes from Heaven, to the ears,
Telling which way to turn, to left or right,
That subtle urgence, softly disappears.

So delicate the motions holiest.
No wonder that they seem so very rare:
Rarely of them can we be capable;
Precious the gust that wanders on elsewhere!

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Per. K. P. P. TAMPY.

PITCHAI'S PLUCK—A STORY

By S. S. Ram

The No. 6 toddy shop of Khanpur was unusually busy one April evening. It was situated in the centre of an extensive cocoanut tope at one end of the village. A merry little group of village folk sat in a small ring at the foot of a tall palm. They had been toiling hard in the sweltering heat of the tropical sun. The shop-owner was giving a generous supply of his ambrosial liquor to his customers. As the pot of elixir went round from hand to hand, mirthful music and pleasant chat began to fill the air. "*Annei*! (Brother), how happy we feel now after the day's work! What care we so long as our contractor, Chudalai, owns this tavern? We pay our regular visits to this temple of joy, but why does not our friend, Suppan, ever join our company? He works like a devil in his field all day long and goes home in the evening, without ever tasting this life-giving liquor. We must try to bring him here one day and show him the true way of life;" thus spoke Verian to his friend. And after that, these votaries of Bacchus tried hard to divert their good friend from the royal road of righteousness.

Suppan was a young man of seven and twenty, sturdy of body and strong of mind. He was as brisk and blithe as a grass-hopper, singing merry snatches of songs while at work. He was the life of his dear little wife, Pitchai. She looked after the house, while he was away in the fields and helped him in many ways. In the evenings, the loving couple partook of well-cooked food with peace and contentment and spent an hour or two in happy conversation.

Some years rolled on. But the happiness of the couple, instead of increasing with the advance of time, began to diminish rapidly. The conspirators had been successful in dragging good Suppan to that dark and dismal

abyss in life, from which once having entered, one seldom escapes. He took to the habit of drinking liquor, which was at first supplied free to him; then, when the temptation became irresistible, he began to pay for it from his slender income. His strength slowly ebbed away, and with it his courage. He soon became the butt of his good neighbours. Poor Pitchai could not wean him from the evil. She entreated him to remember their former days of peace and prosperity. In sober moments, the man would swear that he would no more touch the poison, but the approach of evening always made his mind wander towards the tavern and his associates. He was sometimes even found lying senseless on the road. In short, where happiness and peace had dwelt in that little cottage, misery and quarrels now reigned supreme.

One day, Suppan went out as usual to work in the fields. His wife, who had begun to taste the bitter pangs of poverty, prepared the meal and awaited the arrival of her husband. The sunset paled into night. He did not return. Anxiety naturally took possession of the faithful lady's mind. She looked out again and again to see if he was coming, but he was not to be seen. The neighbours, being informed of this, went out to look for him in different directions, but no trace of him could they get. Pitchai waited in agony for a day or two, hoping that he would return. But all her hopes proved in vain. The villagers began to gossip about the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Suppan. The bereaved wife could not bear the neighbours' taunts and the awful solitude. So one night she left her humble home, and walked away like a mad woman, she knew not where. She went on and on like a rudderless boat drifting in a vast ocean. She gave up all hopes of ever again seeing her husband, so unaccountably lost to her. She had none else in the world to look after her. What was she to do? Whither to go? She went past the vast stretches of green and gold that lay on the outskirts of the village, and slept under a spreading banyan tree till dawn. She woke up with the sun and continued her aimless journey, depending upon the hospitality of some good rustics for the day.

The night came again, clear and moonlit. The skies were studded with stars, and the earth was dense with tall and mighty trees, that were the pride of the forest. Their tops waved in the gusty wind. The rustle of their leaves, the hideous shapes cast by their waving branches, coupled with the weird noises produced by the nocturnal rambles of the forest folk, could not have failed to strike the stoutest heart with terror and recall to painful memory the stories of ghosts and spirits, related by old people. Imagine a young woman walking unescorted in such surroundings and at such an uncanny hour. But Pitchai's moral courage kept her up from breaking down. The sylvan solitude probably presented to her only its charming aspect.

It was nearing midnight. The moon was just overhead. At the foot of a hill she saw a ruined heap of crumbling walls and mounds of earth. A dark opening yawned in one of the mounds, and a pale streak of light was seen burning at the mouth. Shadows of turbaned heads and bearded faces and tall staffs were seen moving hither and thither. Evidently they were the silhouettes of human beings, who had usurped the dismal abodes of the beasts and birds of the forest. Stories of *Rakshasas* rushed to Pitchai's mind. But, undaunted, she moved on and climbed up the bent branch of a tree, from where she could, while unseen herself, command a full view of all that went on below.

The little group consisted of about ten men, all of tall stature, stout and brawny. In the centre of them, moved a man, slightly taller than the rest, with decorous tread and stately mien, which indicated that he was the chieftain of the gang. The leader beckoned his men to form a ring round him and spoke to them in a language full of hard gutturals and sibilations. One with a fair degree of common sense could understand from the situation that this was a band of robbers impa-

tiently waiting at their usual tryst for some of their comrades. They had met there that night to perform certain cruel ceremonies calculated to propitiate their tutelary deity. Pitchai saw that some uncanny preparations for a sacrifice were being made ready. At last, the auspicious hour according to them seemed to have arrived. But the victim for sacrifice was not in evidence. The chieftain walked up and down with impatient tread, gnashing his teeth and wringing his hands, evidently very perturbed in mind. He appeared to be in fear that the auspicious moment was going past.

Suddenly, two men appeared in hot haste, carrying a burden which resembled a dead body. They set down their load and explained, after making a low obeisance, the cause of their delay. The leader's anger was great. He ordered the men to remove the body to another spot at a little distance. This was done. All the members of the gang stood in prayerful meditation. The leader made a rapid descent into a dark and dismal subterranean passage and brought back some costly jewels and several bags of gold. Then, he returned to the vault, evidently for some more hidden treasure; but suddenly he reappeared terrified. He fancied he had seen strange and weird creatures flitting before his eyes with huge torches in their bony hands, from which flowed a stream of liquid, which burnt away all that it fell upon. His words of awe struck his followers dumb. Then suddenly, to add to their terror, they heard an eerie voice like that of some disembodied spirit, crying "Leave your ill-gotten wealth and the creature that you have brought for sacrifice, you sinners. If you remain here another instant, you will be reduced to a handful of ashes. Fly for your lives, and settle down in some village like good mortals, casting off your cloak of sin." There was naturally a stampede and everyone took to their heels, leaving behind everything, and were soon out of sight. The rest of the night passed away in silence. At dawn, Pitchai came down from the tree and directed her steps towards that awful pit. There, to her wonder and amazement, lay her husband Suppan, tied hand and foot with strong cords. She cut the knots and set him free, who, but for her pluck and courage at the hour of crisis, would have been the victim of the sacrifice, The couple, by divine intervention as it were, once again were united, and all the treasures stored by the robbers went to make their re-union happier than ever before.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

1. Indian Women's franchise.

Indian women have not been silent about this important question. At a meeting of the last Indian Association in London, Begum Shah Nawaz, emphasised the necessity for a fair proportion in the voting strength of men and women. She said, "Whatever might be the special qualifications ultimately accepted by Parliament, all Indian women were agreed that nothing less than the numbers recommended by the Lothian Committee for the Provincial Legislatures would be acceptable. They hoped also that the British Government would reconsider the proportion to be given to women as voters for the Federal Assembly."

Mrs. Rama Rao, speaking for the women's Association, recommended the enfranchisement of urban areas which would form a basis for later adult suffrage. Women would resist communalism altogether, and would even object to reservation of seats, if it meant racial division.

Some English women, at the same meeting, spoke up for India. Lady Hartog said that women were needed to emphasize the importance of education and medical aid for women and children. The Hon. Mary Pickford,

said that the *White Paper* proposals had not done justice to the claims of women. Mrs, Rathbone, M. P., said that, since the Whita Paper offered nothing more than the present meagre proportion, there should be at least reservation of seats for women, as a necessity for the advance of social reform.

Speaking at a meeting of the British Commonwealth League, Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur representing the All-India Women's Conference, said "that the women of India were inspired with the sole desire to point out the right road towards national solidarity, for which India was yearning and without which there would not be peace."

Later, the Raj Kumari, with Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi and Mrs. Hamid Ali, said at another meeting that they stood against the sex-bar in all rights to citizens; and that if they could not get adult suffrage, they wished that the women's vote should be based on simple literacy. We hear that the Indian woman's delegation in London refused to appear before any other body than the Select committee as a whole. They gave some reasons for their refusal, and there seems a possibility of their being satisfied, but not till October of this year.

2. Co-education.

One is glad to notice that the necessity for co-education is being emphasized by our leaders. Mrs. Subbaroyan in a speech of hers, averred that such would be a necessity for some years more, on account of the poverty of India. The Punjab University Union, we are told by the Hindu, reported that "not only would co-education terminate the inferiority complex, from which the Punjab student generally suffers when in the presence of ladies, but it wonld also get rid of the various represses and complexes, which have such a bad psychological effect. Co-education is the prime need of the moment"

In Bombay, co-education has been successfully carried on. In Madras, it has not been such a success in the colleges, for somehow, there have been difficulties of misunderstanding. The Mohommedans naturally are not for it, as reported by the Islamic research Institute. But the commission on Christian higher education in India has reported that co-education, as well as the other method, were needed, provided that there were women as well as men teachers, with the same privilleges for both. If co-education does not teach boys and girls to mix happily fraternally together, what can? There will be dangers, but they must be risked. There is so much separation between the men and women in India that one recognised way at least must not only be tolerated, but also encouraged. It is not necessary to speak of the advantages of co-education; they are, or ought to be, well-known. All that remains is to allow it to be carried on; if not, what can be the use of throwing open equal vocations to women and men? A mutual understanding, if not to be wholly based on sex, must start from childhood, continue through youth, and last into maturity; then only will it be successful.

3. Protection of women and children.

Much work is being done in Geneva for the protection of women and children, as told us by their *News* series. The advisory Commission for this purpose met in its twelfth session lately. After drawing attention to the connection between the traffic in women and the existence of licensed houses in the Far East, and after examining reports on the campaign against this traffic, gratification was expressed at the progress made in Persia, Turkey, Egypt, the Sudan and Mexico. Then some heavier penalties, than at present existing, were thought of to be applied to traffickers.

Questions were considered of the early education and training of blind children, of better production of films for educating and amusing children, of the improvement of courts for juvenile offenders, of the better protection of illegitimate children, of the amelicra-

tion of the effects of the economic crisis on young people, and of the rendering of help to the children of itinerant works.

4. The Seva Sadan, Bombay.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the Seva Sadan society in Bombay is encouraging. We know that the object of the society is to "spread the gospel of social service and social work among women, especially women with means and leisure to bring them into contact with their less fortunate sisters, to create in the former a bond of sympathy for the latter, and thus to provide facilities for the Sevikas qualifying as lady missioners for social, educational, medical and other good work on unsectarian lines." Various activities are tried to further this aim. In the educational department, the Marathi normal classes, the practising schools, the home education classes etc., give general enlightenment of various kinds. The *Industrial* section tries to provide work for poor women, as well as to teach them home industries. In the classes for embroidery, cooking, laundry, hosiery, and tailoring are about 150 women working. The *medical* department trains nurses and offers scholarships; the *social* side takes up visiting and relief work; while *Sevikas* or *sisters of service* are housed and trained in *Ashrams.*

The society's needs are, we are told: "(i) Immediete extension of residential accommadation and (ii) sufficient funds for a Marathi Primary School in connection with our Training Classes. The year has been one of very gfeat anxiety and difficulty on account or the general political unrest, communal riots and unprecedented trade depression. Proposals for strengthening the teaching staff could not be carried out for want of sufficient funds. The primary School has suffered on account of want of proper accommodation, and far from pursuing a policy of expansion, we have been compelled to curtail our work and managed so far with the strictest economy and even retrenchment, wherever possible. Hence our earnest appeal to all to continue the fullest measure of their generous support."

5. Women Teachers.

It is good to know that in modern days the importance of a training in teaching is being emphasized. As a daily paper said lately, "it is one thing to impart education in the old time-honoured manner, but entirely different to give it on the modern up-to-date scientific lines. If this is true of education in general, much more does it hold good in the case of primary education, which concerns itself with the training and moulding of the child-mind.

The child's view-point and way of thinking about a subject is generally absent from the minds of generality of our school masters, and mistresses. For the most part, the adult view is engrafted on the child-mind, which upsets one of the most rudimentary principles of primary education."

The training institute for women in Bombay, started within the last two years by the New Educational Society under the lead of Mr. Chakradev, seems to be making a success in women teachers. Forty-four women teachers under training, with a staff of twelve, covering thirteen subjects of the syllabus, is indeed a good result. Moreover, the help of two qualified teachers of the London University and a lady M.A. of Michigan has been gained, in addition to the work done by trained teachers of the Bombay University. We wish the institute all success.

6. Girls and Boys.

Are girls more intelligent than boys? That they are sometimes so is evidenced from what was reported in a Cawnpore paper about the results obtained at Christ Church College. Mr. S. C. Chatterjee, the Principal, said "let me turn your attention from the results obtained by the college as a whole to the highly creditable performance of the seven lady students who teok the various examinations. That all of them passed leaves no doubt that, if only boys were the equals of girls in intelligence and industry, the staff of

this college could obtain cent per cent passes! At all events the fact that threet of hese girls, Miss Pramela Hoon, Miss Naja Unwalla and Miss Padmabai Rao, succeeded in obtaining second class marks in the intermediate examination after less than a year's preparation, whereas so many boys fail to obtain the bare minimum pass marks after spending full two years at college, ls conclusive proof that the gentleman who proposed in the Legislative Council the other day that diplomas and degrees should be made cheaper for girls, was casting a perfectly undeserved slur on the competence of the fair sex."

7. Women in foreign countries.

The women's movement is advancing apace in *China*. Women are being made equal to men in law, in offices, and vocations, in churches and committees, in teaching and in business houses. "In 1901 a magazine was published in Tokyo advocating the rights of Chinese women. After the Revolution of 1911, women presented a petition to the Nanking Goyernment asking for equal rights in government education and marriage and urging the abolition of the slave trade and concubinage. Their demands were not then heeded. In 1922 however, the women students of Peking organized the women's Suffrage Association and the Women's Rights League. These two associations spread quickly. They aimed at equality in government, education, marriage, property and inheritance and equal pay for equal work. Hunan first gave women equal rights and in 1921 elected a woman to the Peking Parliament.

During recent years women's organisations have increased rapidly. These have achieved most in Canton. In March 1927, for instance, 25000 women joined a public parade in that city. Women threw themselves enthusiastically into the Nationalist Movement. A few Nationalist cadet schools for girls were also established, in which girls received the same training as boys, and some girls were sent to Russia for training. The Y. W. C. A. co-operated with these women's movements in a number of ways. Some reaction against and within this movement has appeared. But women in China are moving into a new social position. They are becoming articulate. The consciousness of their own solidarity has grown."

And lately women police have been appointed in China, in spite of much opposition.

In *France*, girls are ready to vote. The *Stri-dharma* mentions the comments of an American magazine writer; "For one thing", she says, "it is as much a matter of course to-day for the French girl as for the French boy to finish at the *lycee*, and it is usual to ask her: 'What do you plan to do after that?' for there is no longer the supposition that she will simply stay home and help mother. On the contrary she goes on now to some higher commercial school where she is trained to be some secretary to some important man and so must understand politics and commercial law; or she goes into the faculty of letters or medicine and takes her degrees with the intention of practising; or she enters the *Beaux-Arts* and competes for the grand *prix* on equal terms with the men............The idea is beginning to be accepted that there is a new order of things."

In *Japan*, great changes have taken place. In the *Stri-dharma* is mentioned an article by Diane O'Connel, in which it is stated that in the last half-century, the usual "portrait of a highly decorative but also backward number of society is under-going a fade-out, in favour of an efficient person with a sound-headed will of her own, a composite of girl office-worker, sales-woman, telephone operator, teacher, nurse, factory worker and message girl."

"Women", Miss O'Connel explains, "have not yet been granted full political suffrage by the Japanese Diet, although they take a keen interest in politics and indirectly exert great influence. The Imperial Diet in 1920-21 repealed the clause in Article V of the public police regulations, which prohibited women from attending or holding political meetings. There are now numerous women writers and lecturers on social

and political problems, and in recent elections women speakers have been in great demand. Japan has five women suffrage parties, two quite large. The census of October, 1930, showed that there are 13,563,813 women and 13,730,000 men of voting age in Japan. The total population of Japan proper is 64,450,005-32,390,155 males and 32.059,850 females. The number of voters of both sexes are very close and fears have been expressed that the women might outvote the men, as Japanese women are very much in earnest and serious-minded about political affairs."

8. Women Drivers.

There are now half a million women drivers in Britain, of whom approximately 150,000 own their own cars. One motoring organization alone has 80,000 women members. All of this has come out since 1926. A girl of 26, driving a small six-cylinder British car of a make, which was popular some years ago but is now sold only in comparatively small numbers, was announced as the winner of the R.A.C. rally in Hastings.

An Indian Woman.

IN MAN'S REALM:

LIFE OF VYASA—THE SAGE

By Dr. H. W. B. Moreno.

The full name of Vyasa, the Sage, was Krishna Dwaipayana Veda Vyasa. He lived in India about 3000 B. C. It was he who composed the Mahabharata with the eighteen parvas or divisions, as well as a key to the Patanjal Philosophy. In the Bhagavadgita, he gives a complete outline of the religious philosophy of the East. He ranks as one of the greatest philosophers of the world. He was dark in complextion, hence he was sometimes called Krishna. He was born in an island or Dwipa, hence he was known as Dwaipayana; it was he who collected the Vedas together and divided them into four parts; and on that account he became famous with the title of Vedal Vyasa.

The story recounts his birth as of heaven. It is stated that once an angel or Apsara named Adrika despised a Brahman, having herself received overtures from the Brahman; as a result, the Brahman became very angry and cursed her, decreeing that she would fall from heaven and be turned into a fish. Adrika begged for mercy from Indra, the king of Gods, at whose Court she had been appointed as a dancer. Indra decided that Adrika would be able to re-enter heaven only after she had given birth to a child on earth. Thus Adrika was turned into a fish and was confined to the waters of the Jumna. It is said that certain fishermen caught this fish and when they had cut it open, they discovered a male and female child lodged inside, They brought the children before King Basu, who was their lord. He could not recognise who the children were, so he returned the female one to the head-fisherman, and kept for himself the male one. The little girl was named Matsyagandha. She was brought up by the head-fisherman, who was himself named Dasaraj. When the girl attained maturity, she was engaged in the occupation of rowing people across the river Jumna.

One day the sage Parasara, while crossing the river, fell a victim to the charms and beauty of the slender fisher-girl. Instead of going across to the other side of the river, he ordered her to land him on the island in the midst of the river, and he persuaded her to stay with him. She lived with him for some time. Vyasa was born to them. Parasara departed with the new-born babe, deserting Matsyagandha there,

who continued in her solitude on the lonely isle. A few years later, Matsyagandha was seen by Santanu, a king of the lunar line, who ruled in Hastinapur. Santanu was charmed with her remarkable beauty and took her to him as his wife. Matsyagandha, now named Satyavati, bore two sons to Santanu, but she could never forget her first son Vyasa, and at times used to call aloud for Vyasa in the palace, in her fits of loneliness.

Meanwhile, Vyasa was brought up by his father Parasara in his hermitage, where he learned many Sastras or Scriptures, afterwards becoming the wisest and best of all the sages. He resolved then to write a book dealing with all the subjects of the world. He thought that the bulk of the volume would be very great, so he began to look about for a swift and ready hand who could follow his dictation. Brahma appeared then to Vyasa and instructed him to seek the assistance of Ganesha, the god with the elephant's head, who being an expert in the art of writing agreed to Vyasa's proposal, but stipulated as a condition that when he commenced to write with his pen he should not stop on any account; if Vyasa allowed his pen to rest even for a moment, he would desist from writing any more.

As there was no other suitable person available, Vyasa agreed to this condition, but in turn he made Ganesha agree to take down his dictation, only after he had fully understood the meaning of each stanza; so the two began. It is not possible for any body to compose a book without a pause, so Vyasa occassionally dictated some very difficult stanzas, the meaning of which Ganesha took some time to understand. Naturally the flow of the pen of Ganesha became less and less. While Ganesha delayed, Vyasa would compose mentally several other stanzas. In this way, Ganesha could never keep up with the sage. The difficult passages are known as "Vyasa Kutas," and many of them appear in the Mahabharata which Vyasa composed.

Vyasa's Mahabharata contains the history of the kings belonging to the lunar line. He describes the great battle of Kurukshetra fought between the Pandavas and the Kurus. The Pandavas and the Kurus were cousins to one another. The Kurus usurped the kingdom of the Pandavas, hence the Pandavas declared war against the Kauravas and ultimately annihilated them at the end of the struggle, suffering themselves great slaughter in the onslaughts they made.

In some places Vyasa is dsscribed as taking sides in the affairs of the kings of the lunar line. He favoured much Yudhisthir, the eldest brother of the Pandavas and saved him from many disasters on several occasions. After the battle of Kurukshetra, the priests advised Yudhisthir to perform a Yajna (a religious sacrifice), in order to be saved from the effects of the sins caused by the deaths of so many men in the battle. When Yudhisthir found he had no means to meet the expense of the Yajna, Vyasa, understanding the dilemma, came to the place and stood before Yudhisthir. He indicated a place in the Himalayas to Yudhisthir, from where a large quantity of gold could be dug out, which had been stored there long before the battle of Kurukshetra. Later, when the Kaurava wives were very afflicted over the deaths of the Kauravas, Vyasa in order to console them showed them their respective husbands in the water of the lake Samanta Panchakain, by dint of his spiritual power.

In his old age, Vyasa became very proud of his learning as well as of his spiritual power. He heard that Annapurna, the Goddess of food, used always to be found in Benares, and because of her Benares had become the holiest place in India. It was said that the Goddess always arrauged that food should be given to her worshippers there. Vyasa was a devotee of the God Visweswar, the husband of the Goddess Annapurna; he became annoyed then at the supremacy of the Goddess and went to Benares to rebuke her to her face.

Vyasa had no food with him ; when however he became hungry, he went on begging from door to door in Benares, but none gave him alms, so Vyasa was forced to fast. The Goddess appeared before him out of pity, with plenty of food in her hand, still Vyasa did not acknowledge her supremacy. Annapurna became vexed at his behaviour and cursed him that he would not be able to bring down his arms to take any food within the reach of his mouth, so long he remained within the boundaries of Benares. Thus Vyasa passed a week in Benares in great distress. At last, he could not bear his sufferings and accordingly left Benares. He went to the other side of the Ganges and sat on the bank, where he began to worship his favourite deity Visweswar. Vyasa determinded to create a greater and a holier place of pilgrimage there, where he rested.

When Vyasa was deeply engaged in worshipping there, by chance an old woman came and said aloud to herself : "I see here is a Sadhu worshipping ; this must be a holy place Let me pass my remaining days here, so that I may be able to attain salvation." Vyasa hearing her words was very pleased with her and allowed her to remain there. After a while, the old woman said to Vyasa : "My son, can you say what will be my fate if I die in this spot ?" Vyasa replied : "Mother ! you will be able to attain salvation instantly after death, if you die here." The old woman requested Vyasa to speak aloud, as she was very hard of hearing. Vyasa repeated his words louder, but she seemed unable to catch them. Vyasa became louder and louder, but still the old woman could not hear. His voice became hoarse with shouting, and at last he became very disgusted. With extreme anger he cried : "You will be an ass in the next life if you die here." The old woman was able to hear his words that time and said : "Then whoever will die here will be born as an ass in the next world. Is that so ?" The angry sage replied : "Yes, yes, cannot you hear ?" The old woman then was instantly transformed into the Goddess Annapurna and said : "Thy will be done." Vyasa instantly recognised her. His pride had to kiss the ground. He fell at her lotus feet and asked her pardon. Annapurna forgave him and said : "Henceforth this place will be known as Vyas Kashi after your name. This place will be a holy place only for a day, when men will come here on pilgrimage, and the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year this place will be forshaken by them as an unholy spot. I have now no objection to your living in Benares." The Goddess disappeared and Vyasa returned to Benares to pass the remainder of his days there.

There is a tradition in Benares to this day that the spirit of Vyasa comes once in a year to Benares to take his bath in the Ganges and to see the Goddess.

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Per. K. P. P. TAMPY,

A WOMAN'S LOVE

By G. K. Pillai

Of all the phases of love, that which a woman has for her child is the noblest and best. That man who is blessed with a loving wife, who is also a happy mother, has indeed an ideal home.

A woman's love is a priceless gem: and the happiest woman is both mother and wife. The more she shares her love with her dear ones, the more it grows and brighter, just as the steady flame of a tiny lamp helps to impart light to many torches.

"It is really wonderful," said a young mother to her friend, "I thought

I had given all my love to my husband, but now my little son has come into my life, and I love him so very, very much. I feel the little one has increased my love for my husband twofold."

"And I am so very much more happy," she continued ; "is it because my little darling is almost a reproduction in miniature of my husband?" And her face beamed with happiness.

A woman's self-less love, indeed, is the golden bond which binds, cherishes and ennobles a happy home.

Can there be a truer friend to man than the woman of his heart—let her be the mother of his childhood or the sharer of his life's fortunes as his wife? A motherless childhood is a sad, sad thing; but the plight of a man without a wife to care, and be cared for, is indeed dreary and often terrible.

Here, I recollect an Eastern sage's words: "He that hath a loving ideal wife to rule his home, wanteth none beneath the sun, but without her, having all else, he truly hath none."

Sons, honour your mothers; husbands, honour, love and cherish your wives; for, whatever you are, or may be, please remember it is really "the hand that rocks the cradle that rules empires." And that is no mere figure of speech.

Wife: Oh, look! There were burglars in the house last night!"

Husband: "Yes, I knew. The idiots made such a row, I couldn't sleep."

GOSHA LIBRARIES

The importance of encouraging women to read good books cannot be over-estimated. The usual complaint of an Indian woman is that she is too busy to read She has a hundred domestic duties which take up all her time, and, even if she does happen to have an hour or two to spare, the children do not allow her to read. Every woman however should spare a little time a day for some quiet reading, in order to educate herself, and broaden her outlook on life.

Very often, women are unable to come in contact with good books, as they are too shy to go to public libraries to choose books. For this reason, every library should have a gosha section, where women can go without hesitation and choose what they want. A woman librarian can be in charge of this section. She should be well-educated, and have a good knowledge of the books in the library, so that she can give advice to readers, and guide them to read the best books.

The library should be stocked, not only with fiction ; but with books on all subjects, especially those that are of interest to women, such as domestic science, good house-keeping, the psychology of the child, and other such topics. Good biographies, books of travel and exploration, and essays and plays are also essential.

The reading-room should be-well kept and clean, and possess comfortable chairs to sit on. Silence should be enforced and there should be all the modern women's journals and magazines, besides a few choice general ones.

It should be possible to circulate books, so that those women, who are unable to go to the library, can choose books at home from a well-kept, up-to-date catalogue.

It would not be a bad idea to have informal chats and debates at the library once or twice a week, conducted by enlightened women, or by well-known visitors to the town. Lectures and lantern or cinema shows could also be arranged.

The library movement is gaining rapid ground in India ; but so far, there are very few gosha libraries. If each existing general library, therefore, made it a point to set aside a room for the use of women alone, the country would stand to gain a great deal. Such a scheme would be of special value in the mofussil.

An Indian Woman.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. THE LITTLE MOUSE.

(A story)

Achyutan walked along gently by the sea-shore. The waves frothed and babbled gently at his feet, sometimes rippling over them, but he took no heed of them. The breeze blew softly on his uncapped head, ruffling his black curls, but he was not aware of it. All around him was the sweet beauty of nature kissed by the setting sun; but he did not look at it. Or perhaps, he was conscious of them in his inside mind, and therefore it might be said that he looked somewhat happy. But on the surface he thought not of them at all.

He was happy indeed. He was young; he was good-looking; he was studying for the Intermediate, and was high in the favour of both masters and class-mates. He had good and rich parents and there was even a whisper that a marriage was being arranged for

him soon. But of the latter he felt rather shy, and somewhat avoided thinking of it, for as yet he felt no loneliness in his life.

Some distance ahead of him, he saw three figures sitting on the sand. Two of them were his friends, who were waiting for him; but who was the third?

The latter was a young zamindar, Sreenivasan by name, who was soon to join their college. Achyutan was inclined to like him at first sight; for he had a frank and bold face with a winning smile and buoyant look. But, on a second look, he thought he was too womanish, for his curved lips were red with betel; his locks were oiled and curled; his clothes were edged with a wide border of gold lace; he had a strong smell of *Attar* (scent) on him. Yet he spoke well; and the four friends were soon thick in argument about anything and everything, as youth is generally inclined to be.

Sometime later came a suggestion, which rather startled our young friend. Why did he keep himself so aloof from the town-people, asked Sreenivasan. No doubt, he was busy with his studies and sports, but he had no business to be so reserved. Why, he was losing all the joy of youth; and youth would pass soon. He was so clever and good-looking too. He was depriving his friends of the real pleasure of his company. Would he join them at a music-party that evening? He could be back home for the evening meal, and so satisfy his old parents. After all, was there a greater duty on earth than to honour one's elders?

So Achyutan went to the music-party, and he liked it. Later, he was drawn in to *nautch* parties, then to card-parties; gradually he began to indulge in rich food; slowly he grew accustomed to strong drinks. And so it went on, till he neglected his studies and lost his proud eminence in college.

A few months later, he was again walking by the sea, though how he had been allowed to go there, he did not know. He was so much in demand by his so-called friends. And he liked them and all his new-found pleasures, But somehow he was glad to be away: for in his heart of hearts he was still a simple lad.

But what a different Achyutan he was now! The waves lapped softly at his feet, and he hated them for making him sticky with sand. The breeze blew gently on his head, but he cursed it for disarranging his perfumed hair; the scenery was beautiful around him in the soft light, but he thought only that it would soon be growing dark.

Suddenly, he was aware of a medley of voices ahead of him, somewhere beyond the bend in the shore, where the *casurina* tope came down close to the sea. A dog barked violently; gruff voices were raised in raucous laughter, and a boy's thin voice first protested in frightened tones, then rose into a scream.

Achyutan ran forward, and soon he came upon a scene, which enraged him. Some rough bullies were gathered round a small figure, whom they were pushing rudely hither and thither. They were even poking him with sticks and gently slapping him. Probably, it was all fun for them, but the child seemed to be terrified. Our friend rushed in, delivered a blow here and a push there, and soon had his little victim free. The boy held his hand tight with both his little trembling fists.

"Hullo, young Achyutan," cried a familiar voice. "What are you doing here, and, why so fierce?" "Hullo", cried Achyutan, recognising one of his friends of the card table. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Playing with this little man and teaching him to be brave. Did you think we were going to eat him?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. That's all I can say."

"Indeed? Just because we were teaching sense to this little whimpering brat? Was that why you landed me that blow just now?"

"I did not recognise you, as a matter of fact", replied Achyutan; "but I would have done the same, even if I had."

"Really? Well, don't forget that

you owe me reparation for this. I shall get it from you later."

Achyutan walked away, with his little friend hanging on to him; but not before the latter had gathered his wits together and demanded back his ball and bat from his persecutors. The older lad rather admired the pluck of the little fellow. But soon he forgot him, and was again deep in his own thoughts. He dreamt of the money he was going to win that evening; of the dance he was going to see; of the food he was to eat.

Suddenly he jumped.

"Oh, Sir," was saying a timid little voice,

"How can I thank you for saving me?"

"Why, my little man, I did not do much after all."

"Oh, you did, you did."

"Where are your friends of the bat and ball?"

"They all ran away, the cowards."

"Cowards indeed; but you too should have been braver."

"Sir, don't you remember the story of the boys and the frogs?

What was fun to the boys was pain to the frogs, you know".

"True indeed, my wise friend."

"And Sir, do you remember the story of the lion and the mouse? Like the small mouse, I shall surely do something for you one day, in return for your kindness."

"Thank you, dear child. But you seem to be very fond of fables. Do you like reading?"

"I do: and my mother tells me tales too. I like games also, you know."

"Oh, do you? But come on, it is getting late. Where is your house?"

Achyutan later went to his usual haunts, but he thought that his friends were not very cordial to him. He put down the change to his action that evening, and hoped it would soon pass.

It did not, however. On the other hand, every one seemed to be against him and soon he was losing a great deal of money every night. But he could not stop gambling; he was always hoping to win. And he could not tear himself away from the fun of the gaiety and the luxury.

"Sir", said his little friend to him one day, who had got into the habit of waiting for him and going with him part of the way home; "do you remember how, in the little stories, the small fox often helped the lion and even dared to advise him ?"

"Yes, I do; that was because the fox was wiser than the lion."

"Ye-es, not quite wiser, but more ready. You see the lion was the king and had many things to think about. The fox worried only about himself."

"I see. That is quite a new way of putting things, my friend. But why all this?"

"Sir, may I advise you."

"Are you the fox and I the lion? Do you dare to suggest that you are more clever than I?"

"Oh, no, Sir; but, as I told you, I have plenty of time and so can see things And, oh Sir, I love you and want to help you."

"Carry on, then"

And then, the little man disclosed a plot to his big friend. His companions of the card-table etc. were laying a plan to ruin him. They were angry with him for daring to insult one of them. Was it true that he had plenty of money at the bank?"

"Yes, of course. My father gives me all that I ask for; but the money is in his name, not in mine."

"Sir, they are talking of forging your father's name to some cheques. I could not understand them at first, but I remembered their words and asked my big brother, and he explained everything to me."

"How do you know all this?"

The little fellow pulled some scraps of paper from his pocket.

"See, how they are trying to write your father's signature: one of them is

very clever at it. They will do this, and when it is found out, they will say you did it. Then your father will be angry with you, and you will be sent away from college. Do you see it, Sir"?

"I do indeed, and thank you very much, my litle friend. The mouse has indeed helped the lion."

And so it had; for, from that day, Achyutan gradually withdrew himself from his greedy friends. Slowly, he returned to his old ways, and soon he had regained his old place at College and his old niche in the estimation of his real friends.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

It is sometimes hard to make a party go with a swing, especially if it happens to be a rainy day, and you cannot go out-of-doors, but have to amuse yourselves in-doors. Games are always enjoyed; but a change of programme in the middle of a series of games always helps to make people more cheery.

A little fortune-telling introduced sometime or the other will always be popular. The usual way is to learn up some palmistry and pretend to be very wise; but for children palmistry is always a little hard to master. Fortune-telling by cards is also a little complicated, but I came across a very easy way of telling the future which I shall repeat to you. I found it in "The Natal Witness," and I am sure you will think it a very ingenious way of amusing people. It is easy to learn and remember. It is much easier to read fortunes from dice than from cards. There are fewer meanings to remember.

First, draw a magic circle on a piece of white paper. Then three dice must be shaken together. All shaking must be done with the left hand. and no talking should be allowed while this is in progress. The one, who is shaking, should be asked to wish hard.

The dice should be thrown into the magic circle. If any roll out, the throw must be repeated.

THREE:— You have a year of hard work ahead of you.

FOUR:—You will improve your position in life, if you work hard—and seize any opportunities that present themselves.

FIVE:— You will shortly make new friends.

SIX:— Be careful, or you will lose something that you greatly prize.

SEVEN:— A scandal concerning a relative or a new friend.

EIGHT:—You will meet with rebuffs —both at work and at play.

NINE:—News of a wedding of a dear friend.

TEN:—The sign of a christening.

ELEVEN:— Trouble is brewing for relatives.

TWELVE:—A letter that will cause an improvement in your position.

THIRTEEN:—A scandal caused by a faithless friend.

FOURTEEN:—Watch, for you have a relentless enemy.

FIFTEEN:—A sign of luck and happiness.

SIXTEEN:— A hasty journey with a happy ending.

SEVENTEEN:— Prepare for a trip across the water.

EIGHTEEN:—This is the best throw of all. It means the granting of your wish, happiness in love, and luck in business.

Only the one whose fortune is being told should handle the dice. Fortunes should never be told twice on the same day."

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

SNAKE-BITE AND ITS CURE

(By a Journalist)

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

In Travancore there are different kinds of poisonous snaks and there are several doctors (native physicians *Visha Vaidyans*) too, who doctor snake-bite cases. Here is an account of a case of snake-poison successfully treated.

X-d is a genial old man of Travancore, a sound Sanskrit scholar and a good doctor, who sometimes practises Mantravadam (exorcism). He lives a very retired life in a small village in Travancore.

From early boyhood this man had a fancy for travel. When he was only 13, he left home in company with a former servant of the family. First he went to Guruvayoor, a place associated with many incidents of traditional celebrity and the Satyagraha centre of the present day, where he worshipped Lord Krishna. Then he went to Gokarnam, the limit of Parasurama's land; and here he fell in with a Nepalese *Yogi* (pilgrim), who with his disciples had been travelling down from the foot of the Himalayas. That very day a marvellous cure had been effected by the Yogi. The corpse of a wood-cutter, who had died from snake-bite had been stopped on its way to cremation. After satisfying himself that life, according to him, was not actually extinct, the Yogi had poured a few drops into the nostrils of the dead man and applied some restoratives, a few hours after which the man had recovered consciousness. The next day the supposed dead man was completely all right.

This incident made our young traveller resolve to follow the fortunes of the Yogi. For more then a year he accompanied the latter on his wanderings, doing all he could to secure his approbation, and at last he had his reward. Before the Yogi finally left the Dekkhan, he called the young volunteer to his side and asked him to mention his dearest wish. One can easily guess what it was and after trying in vain to deter the young man from his purpose the sage initiated him into the mysteries of *Garuda Thrayakshara* and *Panchakshara*. X-d however was strictly enjoined on no account to accept remuneration for his services and not to cause needless suffering to the "poor" snakes.

The next few years of X-d's life were spent in perfecting himself in his art. Old *Grandhas* on the subject were hunted up; live snakes were charmed out of their holes and cure-experiments frequently made. At last, the matter reached the ears of his mother, who strictly ordered him not to practise this unholy art. For several years this interdict continued; but when at last he resumed practice it was with the hearty approval and the blessing of his mother; and this was how it happened. One evening a faithful old servant of X-d's mother was bitten by a snake and his case was reported to be hopeless. When the old lady heard of it, she ran to her son and asked him to take up the case and try his cure. He at once had the body brought to his own quarters and applied restoratives. A tender plantain sheath was brought and cut into the shape of a serpent with head, tail, etc. complete. This was laid over the body with the head just touching the wound. Mantras were recited and finally the doctor (X-d) took a knife and dealt the sheath three furious stabs. The man was then ordered to be taken home and left to sleep. The next day he was well and in two days he was completely all right From that day the ban on X-d was removed and

with the good wishes of his mother and other elders he was left free to practise the art which he had been at so much pains to learn.

Thereafter, X-d devoted himself to his art with great success. Now, cases from far and near are brought to him. And rare indeed are those in which he has not been able to bring about a cure. He has attained to such perfection in his art that he is said to feel a sort of premonition of a new case, which would arrive at a particular hour. A few years ago, a friend of mine was an eye-witness to such. A number of people from Kumaranallur, a small town near Kottayam in Central Travancore, arrived with the body of a man bitten by a snake at the landing place near X-d's house at night. X-d, expecting their arrival, had sent his servant to meet them with the message to return home at once as the man had died on the way. And true enough, when the body was examined, it was found that life had ebbed out. Such premonitions are based on a small treatise in verse called *Dhuta Lakshanam*, meaning literally "signs from the messenger". The age and caste of the messenger, the direction from which he comes, the first word he utters to the doctor, the then posture and attitude of the doctor and many more of such details which any man might ordinarily regard as worthless, are the data from which inferences are drawn. Diagnosis thus seems to proceed more from with out than within. And yet one's scepticism meets with many a check in actual experience.

There are several different methods of cure, and there are seven or eight ancient treatises bearing on the subject, viz.,

> "*Narayaneeyam Uddesam*
> *Ulpalam Haramekhala*
> *Lakshanamritam Ashanga*
> *Hrydam Kalavanchakam*"

Of these, *Narayaniyam* and *Lakshanamritam* are the works generally followed in Malabar, though another treatise not among the number, called *Joalsnika* also has a fair following. *Narayaniyam* is the most important of these. No counterpart in Sanskrit has hitherto been met with. And, as Malabar with its magic and its wonders, its serpents and serpent-groves, has been noted for snake-charming and snake-worship from the earliest times, it may fairly be presumed to be an indigenous work. It sets out with a classification of snakes into 4 *Varnas* and 8 *Vamsas* and these into a hundred and twenty varieties.

The treatise then proceeds to describe the characteristics of the different kinds of snakes etc. Some of these *grandhas* are extremely rare, while probably the names alone of a few others have survived. *Joalsnika* has been set in print, though copies are not generally available.

The methods of treatment prescribed in the above works come under the three classes, *Mantra* (exorcism), *Tantra* (making displays with the hand, e. g. the stabbing of the plantain-sheath described above), and *Oushadha* (medicine). From an examination of the bitten part, the *Visha Vaidya* or doctor is able to judge the variety of the snake that caused the wound, the time that has elapsed since the bite, the size of the snake etc.,

It is said that X-d, by his mantras, used to induce the snake to return and suck up its own poison from the body of the bitten person. This system is said to be fraught with danger to the snake concerned.

As regards the mantras and medicines alike, strict secrecy is enjoined and observed. Many of our snake charmers are known to possess special knowledge regarding the efficacy of diverse roots and herbs. Such knowledge becomes hereditary in the family. A remarkable aspect about our *Visha Vaidyas* is that they never receive remuneration for their services. The offer of a fee is regarded as an unmitigated insult and the acceptance a sin.

FASHION NOTES

It is interesting to notice the vogues in fashion for different colours. Marvellous are the new tints now being used, and marvellous their several harmonious mixtures. *The Rangoon Times* tells us that it was a woman-designer, who hit on the idea of bestowing interesting names upon tones in materials.

I was told some years ago in England by an English lady that she loved the colours used by Indian women. They were deep and rich, and compared favourably with the cruder tints adopted in England soon after the war. But, the deeper colours are going out of fashion even in India; and in their stead are coming lighter tones. Sarees now can be had in lovely soft shades, for which, even while there is regret for the deeper tones, much can be said. These light colours with gold borders on them tend to give a peculiar youthful bloom even to older faces. And certainly, if they are worn with proper combinations of colour, they are admirable. One is glad to notice, says the *Rangoon Times*, that *red* is coming back, not the deep red of old perhaps, but other pretty shades of it, such as the *Shanghai* red, which is like Chinese lacquer red; and *Pomegranate* red, which again is of two varieties, the colours of the ripe and the unripe fruit. These can be well mixed with shades of yellow and heliotrope. *Wheat-yellow* is the yellow of maize, and is a pretty shade. *Blue* is used in different shades from *light navy* to *deep-sea blue*. It is often mixed with white. *Grey* is a very favourite shade in the West; and it is a pity that it is not so well patronised in the East, as it is thought rather a mourning colour and too old for young poople. But there are lovely tints of it. *Battleship* grey, *eel* grey, *cloud* grey etc., can be harmonised with harsher black or purplish-red and better still with tints of lavender, and of blue.

SISTER SUSIE.

BOOK NOTES

By a Book-worm

The Golden Boat; by Rabindranath Tagore (George Allen and Unwin, price 4sh. 6d.)

There are thirty-three sketches here, which have been translated from the original, and which have appeared in *the Hindu Illustrated Weekly*, covering the period of fifty years of Tagore's writing-period.

"The sketches in this volume are of uneven quality. Some have the clarity and the firmness of outline of a crystal, others are casual and anecdotal. Tagore's fondness for the parable and his use of familiar symbolism are amply illustrated. But there are at least a dozen sketches here which have in them something of the immortal quality of the world's great fables,—they are at once absorbing stories and profoundly revealing commentaries on the mysteries of life. The universal element in them comes home to us with a vivid particularity and at the same time with a convincing inevitability. It is not in all of these sketches that one finds this quality. Where the poet is merely venting a temporary irritation or attacking a social anomaly, one feels that the artist is merged and lost in the propagandist. But, taken on the whole, this little volume gives a fair idea of the range and intensity of the poet's extraordinary output."

Roerich; A monograph. (International Art Centre. 310 Riverside, New York city; price Rs 3)

This is a splendidly - edited and beautifully-bound volume, marked with the inspiring and significant sign of the International Art Centre of the Roerich Museum at New York. H. E. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich is a personality in the domain of modern art This art is distinctly original. His delightful and decorative colour sense, fine sensitive drawing, exquisite finish, inner meaning, noble message, and above all his mystic glamour have won for him a seat of honour in the long galaxy of artists.

This book contains 63 reproductions, chosen from over 2000 paintings by Roerich. There is a universal appeal in all the paintings in this collection, which speaks to the heart of men. As has been expressed so well by Roerich himself, "The sign of beauty will open all sacred gates. Beneath the sign of beauty, we walk joyfully. With beauty we conquer. Through beauty we pray. In beauty we are united."

K. P. P. TAMPY.

Indian Land and Life pictures: by F. H. Rauleder. (B. M. Press Book Shop, Mangalore ; price annas 8.)

Friederich Rauleder, the well-known German artist, who has settled down in Mangalore as the head of the Basel Mission Press, has to his credit a brilliant collection of excellent paintings, depicting typical scenes of rural life in India. The pictures are encased in an attractive wrapper which reveals the elegance of the printing done at the B. M. Press. One is enabled to get a bird's eye view of a representative Indian village from Rauleder's Paintings.

K. P. P. TAMPY.

Purdah; The status of Indian women ; by Frieda Hausworth (Mrs. Sarangadhara Das) (Kegan Paul, London ; 10sh. 6d.)

This is one of the books, which cannot be treated lightly because written by a foreigner about India. The authoress who is married to an Indian, has had much acquaintance with Indian life, and writes sympathetically and with understanding. She does condemn some aspects of life ; but she also admires others, especially the charm of the Indian woman. Some of her strictures apply more to North India than South India. Her prayer for the emancipation of women is a stirring one ;

"Only by setting their women free and opening wide to them the doors of absolute self-determination in all forms of expression and development, by restoring to them their Vedic status, the unrestricted use and training of all bodily, mental, and spiritual faculties both in the home and in society, will Indian men be able to achieve their own personal emancipation. Only free adult girls will be able to become true mates and balanced mothers, break through the vicious circle of mis-directed emotional and psychic strength, and in addition restore the wasted physical forces of the Hindu race."

Hindu Heaven; by Max Wylie (Gollancz ; 7sh. 6d.)

It is rather sad that novels of Indian life are mostly written, if written at all, by foreigners, who, after only a slight acquaintance with India, think they know all about it. The angle of vision presented by them, is very often all wrong. In the book in question, the hero is said to love Indians, but his love is that of a grown-man towards children. He calls them "a race of incorrigible children, children still living back from the turnpike of the world's progress; children with the transparent deceits of children and their persistent lies, with their prattling and their tattling and their botched box of paints, their imaginary heroisms and their incredible conceits." We certainly do not wish ourselves represented in this wise ; nor do we wish to have any thing to do with clever "pathological studies", which yet show very little of true and instinctive sympathy.

Form-room plays for girls; by E. R. and L. W. Farraday. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.. London.)

A good book, well-written, well-arranged, with plenty of stage, costume and music directions. There are also plays of Eastern countries, some of which, however, are exaggerated. It is time that an Indian thought of writing a book of this sort for Indian girls.

Infants and children - their feeding and growth; by F. H. Bartlett, M. D. (Farrar and Rinehart ; $ 1·50)

This book is meant to guide a mother in the daily care of her baby, chiefly in the methods of prevention of illness.

Child Psychology; by B. J. Johnson (Charles C. Thomas, $ 4·0).

Here is gathered "valuable psychological material on basic problems in child development", useful material for a text-book in college courses on child psychology.

Building a girl's personality; by R. S. Cavan and J. T. Cavan (The Abingdon Press, $ 1·50.)

"Written from the standpoint of social psychology, but with a sane and balanced outlook derived from many years' experience, the authors make us see what the situation is in which the modern girl finds herself—in relation to her family, her friends, her beaus, her school, her job, her church and her community ; and they suggest ways of helping that girl achieve an integrated personality, with a sustaining philosophy of life and standards and ideals, not too much at variance with the rest of the world, but commensurate with her own personality and convictions."

(The last three books mentioned here are advertised in *The Parents' Magazine*, 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago. Ill.)

Shadowy Bricks; by M. E. Frances Bellerby (Richard Clay and Sons, Blackfriars House, London E. C., 6sh.)

This is a novel, which describes how to develop the natural capabilities of children of various classes.

Why I like Compton Mackenzie's books.

"Compton Mackenzie is my favourite author," writes Mr. Leland J. Berry. "As a novelist he stands, in my opinion, head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries, for, unlike Mackenzie, they are not true entertainers.

In the long range of his books are characters that exist vividly in the mind's eye ; Jenny Pearl, the immortal Major Knat, Miss Mamie Pepworth - Norton, Sylvia Scarlett and Olympia Leigh, are but a few of his delightfully-drawn characters.

Mackenzie moves along a path of his own choosing in pursuit of romance both real and legendary. He hates with uncompromising hate the soul-less industrialism of modern life. But, with it all, he never attempts to force his opinions down one's throat; rather he airs his own views, and etches his own pen pictures, with the sure philosophy of his own magnificent egoism, that allows other people to believe exactly what they like.

But the vitality of the man! It is apparently ceaseless and tireless. It both pushes him onward and holds him back, pushes him on through spurring his ambition to greater obligations, and holds him back because many other critics and contemporary writers regard his vitality as frivolity and have no hesitation in saying so. But I love the sheer indomitable courage of Mackenzie. I feel that he is pointing a way to a lovely world that is fast being left behind by the new world of commercialism.

Lakshmi Bai, (A Malayalam Ladies' Magazine)

'Lakshmi Bai' is a monthly Magazine published from Trichur under the Editorship of that veteran Journalist, Mr. V. Narayana Menon of

Vellakkal House, Trichur. The Journal was started 28 years ago and the number on the table is the 1st issue of Volume 29. The Journal was started in memory of the late Rani Lakshmi Bayi C. I. of Travancore and it is being patronised by the leading men and women of Malabar. Though several Malayalam magazines devoted to the cause of women in Malabar were started in these parts, only very few are seen now-a-days to appear regularly and punctually. To conduct a decent magazine in the present state of journalism is indeed uphill work; but the conductors of this Malayalam Ladies' Journal deserve to be congratulated on the succes they have achieved so far. The present number as usual, contains a number of very interesting readable matter and it maintains its level of literary excellence. There are some excellent story writers to this magazine and almost every issue contains interesting short stories, which, if collected and published in book form will be much appreciated by the Malayalam-speaking community.

The annual subscription is only Rs. 2/- per annum and copies can be had of Mr. V. Krishna Menon, Trichur.

OBSERVATIONS

By Maithili

1. Marriage.

It is all very well to talk of the necessity and the advantages of advance. One forgets the disadvantages and the drawbacks of it. Take the question of married life for instance. There is no doubt that the modern world is turning against it. It has no hold in Russia now. In other countries it is shied at often. Yet perhaps one is wrong in saying that marriage is not advocated now-a-days. It is indeed; but not the marriage of olden times, which used to last for eternity. In modern times, it too often ends in divorce, separation and freedom to seek a new alliance. Is this the marriage Christ spoke of ? No. Yet the difficulties of married life are many. Even in the nineteenth century, with its honest Victorians conventionalism, the troubles of matrimony were by no means minimised. Even further back, we have people writing against it. In an article in the *Hindu*, I have come across some quotations from authors, who were doubtful about married life. Socrates, Montaigne, Dr. Johnson, Steele denied the possibility of a perfect marriage. Jeremy Taylor said : "Marriage hath in it less of beauty and more of safety than the single life; it hath more care but less danger."

It is not a mere platitude to aver that the secret of a perfect marriage is love and mutual understanding. As Rousseau said, "If only one could prolong the joy of love in marriage, we should have paradise on earth. That is a thing which has never been seen hither- to." Too true alas! In the West, love or what is called love, comes before marriage; it often passes away after it. In the East it developes after marriage; sometimes it may never come at all. Which is preferable? I certainly advocate the former, for, transient as it may be, it carries a bliss and a beauty about it, which can never be obtained in the latter, even with its sound basis of companionship.

I was interested to read that an experiment in marriage is being made at Indianapolis. Appalled at the increasing divorce rate, a few rare spirits have gathered together and instituted a course in marriage at Butler University, meant for unmarried as well as for married people. It is not meant, of course, to control *love*, but to make

married life happy. "Marital happiness," said Dean Bailey, explaining his theory to the Indianapolis *Times*, "is not a mattter of sentiment, but a matter of knowledge, ideals, ethical control. We will seek to present a realistic, scientific, and intelligent attitude toward the whole subject of modern marriage with the hope that such an attitude may carry over into future legislation dealing with marriage and human relationships within the family group."

2. Women's Conferences.

All honour to women's conferences, the theories they advance and the resolutions they set forward. They help to formulate public opinion, without which indeed nothing public can really be accomplished. Moreover, the conference in each unit helps to bring that unit into line with other units. They encourage the new spirit of progress among women. "In recent years, the placid waters of the lives of women of India have been stirred by a current of anxiety to emerge from obscurity. Wedded as they have been for ages to obsolete and antediluvian ways and methods, it is no wonder that they are now animated by a new spirit and are demanding the recognition of their rights and the removal of their social disabilities. It is a healthy sign betokening a healthy progress."

Conferences and committees exist for guiding and training women in social and public work. Moreover, it is by the help of conferences that indivividual worth is recognised and encouraged to participate in co-operative methods. Finally, conferences intensify the ideals of service, which ought to be the aim of every public work undertaken.

But, all conferences must remember that theories alone are not of much use, unless practice is enforced, and that worthily.

3. An ideal type.

In the *Indian Review*, I came across the following description of Uma, the heroine of Kalidasa's *Kumarasambhava*; and I thought to myself what an ideal type it would be for our women. There may not always be the beauty of Uma; but there can be the charm, the dignity, the modesty, and the beauty of character. Her soul was 'like a star and dwelt apart'. "She was a goddess and yet how human in her thoughts, feeling and actions, with all the bashfulness, tenderness and delicacy of a woman! The story of her love has a spiritual meaning which we miss in the loves of heroines elsewhere in literature. She is the child of the towering Himalayas, and the divine Mena. From her father she inherited high-soaring spirit and snow-like purity, and from her mother enchanting beauty and capacity for meditation and penance. She was brought up amidst the beautiful and sublime scenery round about the Himalayas and her beauty of form and feature was moulded and perfected by the sights and sounds of Nature, in the midst of which she lived and had her being. Her face combined the loveliness of the moon with the beauty of a lotus. Her neck was so wondrously graceful that it was difficult to say whether the pearl necklace encircling it lent beauty to it or the neck imparted beauty to the necklace. The beauty of her long, arching brows put to shame the beauty of the bow of the god Cupid. Her hair was so magnificent that the female Chamari deer, on seeing her tresses, would undoubtedly have slackened their love for their hair, if lower animals were endowed with a sense of shame. Her feet, while walking, had the ever-shifting beauty of land-lotuses. She passed her childhood in happy freedom on the sands of the Ganges."

4. Pleasure for orphans.

All over England we have been hearing of voluntary contributions towards expeditions of orphan children to sea-side resorts and other places, where they could have a little happiness and fresh-air recreation. I have always thought this a great idea, and I am glad the Madras Rotary Club has been organising outings for the children of the civil orphan asylum. Why should not our Indian poor children, as

the *Hindu* said, be helped in the same way by Indians. There are many of us, who do much towards the entertainment of well-to-do people, to show appreciation of their philanthropy. As the Bible says, "To him that hath not much shall be given." But can we not reverse this saying and hlep poorer people, especially the dear little ones of the street. How they would love it; and after all the cost will not be much, just a few Indian sweets, and a bus to take the children out. And I would advise that this be done independently, and not through child-welfare homes; for, after all the latter have their own patrons. No doubt, the welfare homes will minimise trouble; but let us not mind a few extra difficulties to achieve our purpose.

GRAMAPHONE NOTES

By Leland J. Berry

It would hardly be surprising if, under existing conditions, the level of gramophone music had dropped to a purely commercialised basis, but it is encouraging to see that, actually, a generous leaven of the classics is to be found in the monthly lists. We learn that at the Darlington Musical Festival Mr. George H. Williams String Quartet won the first prize in their section with a performance of the *Beethoven Quartet* in F major (Op. 18, No. 1).

A very welcome addition to the recorded Cæsar Franck music is his *Symphonic Variations* for piano and orchestra on Columbia this month, in which Gieseking plays the solo part, with the support of Sir Henry J. Wood and the London Philharmonic Orchestra The work is on two Columbia records, (LX 192-LX193).

With their pre-eminence as exponents of chamber music, the Lener String Quartet enter the Columbia list this month with the famous slow movement from *Schubert's* greatest quartet, *Death and the Maiden*, so-called because the variations of the slow movement are founded on some phrases of the the song of this name, which was composed some four or five years before.

The full beauty and variety of Solomon's piano art is conveyed in his latest Columbia record of *Liszt's* 15th *Hungarian Rhapsody* and Chopin's *Polonaise* in A (Op. 40), (DX441)

Up to now we have only heard that tenor "discovery" of Columbia, Charles Kullman, in ballads of popular character, so it is interesting to find him in his first grand opera - recording —a field in which he actually made his name and fame with the Berlin public. The disc contains two well-known grand opera songs—*All Hail Thou Dwelling* (from Act 3 *Faust*) and the "*Flower Song*" (From Act 2 of *Carmen*) (DX442).

The new March record on Columbia by the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, embraces the church settings of *Psalms 15 and 84* (K. J. Pye), *19* (Hopkins and Sir Walford Davies), and *61* (M. Boyle), and forms one of the most beautiful records of the kind yet issued. No sacred recordings have ever created so profound an impression as these by the famous Choir of St. George's in the Windsor Chapel, the acknowledged fount of cathedral music at its best (DX 443).

We have had a number of fine recordings from pupils of Tobias Matthay; now we have the master himself playing two of his own compositions on a Columbia record. This record is of immense importance since it perpetuates in practice the famous theories of touch, tone and technique, expounded for half a century by the greatest English teacher of the piano. The items played by Tobias

Matthay are: *Prelude and Bravura* (from a "*Suite of Studies*"), *Twilight Hills* and *Windsprites* (from a collection entitled *On Surrey Hills*) (DX444).

The announcement by Columbia this month of an album containing Massenet's opera, *Manon*, will give delight to opera lovers who have longed for more frequent performance and closer acquaintance with this romantic work. Mlle. Feraldy was selected to take the title role. The famous *Dream Song* of Act 2, with M. Rogatchewsky, in which Feraldy's lovely, liquid voice is heard at its best, is a notable example of the many beautiful airs in this work.

In support of her is a cast composed of the principals of the Paris Opera and Chorus of the Opera Comique, with the Orchestra conducted by Elie Cohen. *Manon* is contained in a free art album with French libretto and English supplement, giving cast, story of the opera and notes on the records. The numbers of the opera, complete, are LX202 to LX219-complete for £5 5s Od.

"*Song Carnival of 1932 stars*" one of the new Columbia records this month—presents twelve of the year's best popular songs, sung and played by famous stars. Thus we actually have Flanagan and Allen in their *Underneath the Arches* song; Peggy Wood in *She didn't Say Yes*; Albert Sandler and His Orchestra in *Paradise*; the Carlyle Cousins in *Auf Wiedersehen* and *The clouds will soon roll by*, not to mention Dan Donovan, who sings two songs, and the Debroy Somers Band, which plays throughout (DX432).

A real novelty in records is always refreshing and we have this in a new Columbia issue by Malcolm McEachern (who is Mr. Jetsam in *Flotsam and Jetsam*). Considerable fun is created by Mr. McEachern's bass against a bassoon, the vehicles being specially written versions of the old songs, *My Grandfather's Clock* and *Lucy Long*. While adhering to the tunes we know so well, McEachern has treated them as humorous paraphrases and the result is both novel and delightful (DB1017).

It was a clever idea of Henry Hall to select all the sweet-hearts of the songs of yesterday and combine them in one melodious whole, as he has done. We have *Sweet-hearts of Yesterday* on Columbia, with Mr. Hall directing the B. B. C. Dane Orchestra. No less than seventeen sweet-heart tunes, including *My Old Dutch* and *My Pretty Jane*, are packed into this 10 inch record, and in presentation they form one of the best-recorded performances this popular artist has given us (DB1030).

When Columbia issued the first record by the boys of St. Mary of the Angels Choir School, everyone marvelled that boys from the slums of London trained for such a short space of time, could give such infinitely sweet notes and excellent enunciation. Now, they have made a further record to delight the ears and touch the heart with the freshness of their singing — five old songs, the titles of which are *Bluebells of Scotland, My love's an Arbutus, Won't You go My Way, Clear the Track* and *The Drunken Sailor* (DB1027).

There are two interesting new cinema organ recordings on Columbia—one of *Classical Fragments*, the other of waltzes based on old music-hall airs. Sidney Torch is responsible for the first. He has one of the greatest cinema organs in Europe at his command, and he makes full use of it.

Terance Casey plays the other record. *Waltzland*, He has taken ten popular old melodies, (*There's a Long, Long Trail* and *Let the Great Big World keep Turning*) are included) and has transformed them into waltzes (DB1010).

All the world knows Lionel Tertis as the supreme exponent of the viola, and music lovers owe a vast debt to the gramophone for the fact that in this instrument alone the art of this celebrated player is available a thousand times more often than it is possible to hear him in person. Two little gems by Wolstenholme — *The Answer and Allegretto*— which form the subjects of a new Lionel Tertis record, display that luscious tone that Tertis alone seems to produce (DB1023).

Albert Sandler and his picked team of musicians stand easily first as wireless favourites. They can always be

relied upon to give us tasteful renderings of light orchestral music, and *Rosa Mia* with *The Fairies Gavotte* announced by Columbia, are delightful examples of their polished execution.

There are not many songs in English balladry finer than *Passing By*, which the late E. C. Purcell (no relation to the great Henry Purcell) may justly claim to have made him famous. Dennis Noble has sung it with exquisite tenderness, and apart from his flawless diction, his sustained note is really lovely. On the reverse side he sings Somervell's refreshingly sweet *Gentle Maiden*, a fitting companion.

Charles Penrose and Company are spreading miles of smiles with their latest Columbia concoctions, *Laugh and You'll Feel Grand* and *Let's Laugh Together, Mike*. The very tunes seem to be amused in these side-splitting laughter songs DB1021.

C. B. Cochran's latest musical show *Mother of Pearl* (Delysia is the mother, Pearl her daughter), has created a furore up North, and is now setting up fresh, triumphal records. Its principal numbers, *Ev'ry Woman Thinks She Wants to Wander* and *When Any-body Plays or Sings*, have been done in dance form on Columbia on two records. There is also a beautifully-played selection of *Mother of Pearl* by the Debroy Somers Band, introducing eight tunes from the show.

The Columbia Company report that, according to record sales, the popular songs enjoying the greatest vogue to-day are *Let's put out the lights please*, *I don't want to go to bed*, *Balloons*, *Her Name is Mary*, and *Brother, can you spare a dime?*

CINEMA NOTES

It is pleasing to note that *Karma*, the first Indian talking picture to be made in English, was fairly well-received in England. Miss Devika Rani, the daughter of the late Lt. Col. M.N. Choudhari, I. M. S. is well-known in society and admired for her upholding of Indian tradition ; and it is interesting to note that women like her are actually showing themselves in public and on the cinema screen. Truly our women are advancing, and in the right direction too. Time was when even Western women found it hard to appear on the stage. Some months ago, an article in the *Madras Mail*, reviewing the origin and progress of the Madras Dramatic Society, mentioned the time when "the ladies on whom the society most relied, expressed their inability to appear in public", thus forcing the witnessing of dramatic performances to be limited only to a select audience. This is why perhaps stage names were adopted by women, while men appeared under their own names.

Miss Devika's views about film-acting are worth quoting.

"Film acting is a new form of art in itself, besides combining so many other arts; and I suppose I may claim that I have always lived in surroundings, where art was regarded as a natural part of every-day life. When I was quite young I learned much about religion and philosophy and literature. But my heart was in music and painting and dancing, I studied all three, and was fortunate enough to travel extensively in Europe with my father, and was thus able to learn something about the art of other countries. I believe my own medium of self-expression, or perhaps I should say that which suits me best, to be the screen, and particularly the talking picture. The film is less restricted than the stage. You can switch from scene to scene in the twinkling of an eye. You can do in five seconds what it would take half a dozen scene-shifters five minutes to do on the stage.'"

In reviewing the criticism on *Karma*, one is somewhat struck by the divergent views expressed. One paper remarks : "Mr. Rai has succeeded only

in his secondary intention. The romance moves stiffly and at certain points would gain by sharper definition of the issues at stake; the dialogue is altogether too formal for a tale which is nothing if it is not a tale of passion. Once or twice attempts creditable in themselves are made to give needed increases of momentum to the narrative, but the devices used are generally wasted for want of timely preparation. Miss Devika Rani is a princess who, for all her grace, never fully persuades us that she is in love, but she like most of the actors is handicapped by having to speak English. They give the impression of having rehearsed sentence by sentence. Their prounciation is wonderfully correct, but spontaneity is too high a price to pay for correctness "

On the other hand another paper says, "The picture was enthusiastically received by critics and public alike, and they are unanimous in their opinion that India has produced in the person of Devika Rani a screen star whose performances in *Karma* could not have been improved upon by any of the established favourites of Europe and Hollywood. Indeed her charm and delicate acting reveal artistic genius. The attractions of the film are varied, but not the least among them is the charming part played by Miss Rani, portraying to a high extent the subdued culture and delicate reserve of the Indian wife immersed in deep grief.

One gathers from this difference of appreciation that the mentality of Indian women has not yet been properly estimated by the world. Those, who are all for modern progress, find her rather old-fashioned, conventional and stilted in public; those who are apt to hold back a little, find her admirable. To the former, she would appear not advanced enough; to the latter she is just right. I am glad, however, that this fact shows that our Indian woman has a definite personality of her own, which rather stands out from the general. I hope that she will retain this exclusiveness in a way, and not completely swim with the tide. At the same time, she must be careful not altogether to swim against it, if she is to maintain progress. Modern advance may not be all that may be desired; but it *is* advance and that often in the right direction.

The opinion of Joan Crawford, one of the cinema stars, on the modern girl is worth quoting.

"I think I know modern girls rather well, I have dined with them, worked with them, golfed with them. They have told me their secrets and I have told them mine. They are very frank. They do discuss things that wern't much talked about some years ago. They 'pet' more openly than was the custom in mother's day. They are 'wise', undoubtedly. They come to know the facts of life very early. But this last fact is undoubtedly their greatest protection.

"Your modern girl may talk a lot about the 'new freedom', but when it comes down to action, she dreams of the 'one lover' even more definitely than did the girls of forty years ago. And, because she knows life, she cannot be surprised by lies and falsehoods as was the frequent occurrence in a day when girls' minds must be kept free from truth at all costs! Too little knowledge brought a lot of heartaches in the old days, which girls are being spared to-day."

The nineteenth birthday of Paramount Studios, which has just been celebrated, brings back many old memories, writes L. J. Berry, to all those who remember the early struggles of the film companies.

At the end of 1913, Paramount began its first motion picture in an old barn in Hollywood. It was called THE SQUAW MAN, and the company was then known as the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Corporation.

Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille, who has just produced the million dollar spectacle, The Sign of the Cross, had organised the film company a short time before in New York and decided on the particular picture because Dustin Farnum had just finished a starring tour in it. They put up 5,000 dollars each and offered Farnum a third interest in

the organisation for his services but he chose rather to take a weekly salary. The third partnership, therefore was taken up by Samuel Goldwyn.

With the Company's capital, De Mille went to Hollywood and rented a citrus grove, and the barn on the small ranch became the studio headquarters. When Paramount moved its studios to the present site in Marathon Street, the old barn went as well and now occupies a place of honour.

---

*A remarkable idea is to be used in the filming of Rouben Mamoulian's new picture, *The Song of Songs.* Most of the action takes place in a medieval castle and series of sets will harmonise with the great variety of emotions experienced by Miss Dietrich as the heroine of the famous Suderman novel. One might almost say that the story is told in scenes.

The castle is perched on a rock surrounded by a moat and guarded by heavy gates and iron portcullis. Gloomy courtyards and dimly-lit rooms continue the depressing mood of the set.

The other sets are wedded to different emotions in the same way. The girl's lover, in the beginning, is a struggling young artist, but his unpretentious workshop in a sordid street is a land of enchantment to the girl, because of her happiness. Similarly when, after her father's death the girl goes to live with her slatternly aunt in a poor quarter of Berlin, the scene changes and becomes the epitome of drabness.

B

It is surprising to note how much screen actors have sometimes to suffer. In *For the love of Mike,* there is a long and arduous struggle between four characters for the possession of a vase wich contains a valuable paper. From a light-hearted *Rugger scrum,* the action developed into a dance and stern chase terminating in a watery victory for one side and defeat for the other. Harcourt Brooks, as the gardener, was handicapped by handcuffs which dangled from one wrist. After a series of falls, the bracelets chafed his wrist sorely, and to prevent further bruising an invisible bandage was fastened beneath the steel band. Hal Gordon, as the village constable, was the chief sufferer. He had to submit to a hearty kick on the shin, which he minded not at all until the padding he had fixed slipped at the critical moment. Later, he had to run with Bobby Howes astride his shoulders, execute several comedy falls, ending finally fully dressed in eight feet of water. Exhaustion was one of his chief discomforts at the completion of the scenes. Arthur Riscoe, as the ally of Bobby Howes, who is starring in this film, had to submit to a blow on the head, with a 'property' vase.

However all three sufferers cheerfully declared it "was all in a day's march", and were "on the set" first thing the following morning.

NEEDLE WORK NOTES

Smocking is used a good deal in clothes now, and can be of various kinds. It can be worked on plain material, to match the chief colour in the material of the garment. It can also be worked on dotted or lined material, when the dots or lines make the pattern easier. The smocking can be done on shoulders, sleeves, waists, neck-lines, below or over yokes etc. Here are three examples.

(From The Parents' Magazine

COOKERY NOTES

Stuffed Baked Potatoes.

Bake large, smooth potatoes in a moderate oven. If the potatoes are very large, one will make two portions. When done, roll gently on the table to distribute the steam evenly inside. Open the potatoes by cutting lengthwise in halves or, if they are small ones, by removing the top skin. Use a spoon to scrape out the insides, leaving a smooth unbroken shell for stuffing. Fill with creamed chicken or mushrooms, fish or peas and serve on a hot platter with little mounds of fluffy mashed potatoes (the insides of the baked potatoes) as a garnish.

Potato Egg Soup

4 medium potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter,
3 eggs, hard-cooked, 1 medium onion,
1 pint whole milk, several stalks of
1½ teaspoons salt. [celery,

Cut the potatoes, onion and celery in small pieces, cover with water and cook until tender. There should be about 1 cup of water left in the kettle when the potatoes are done. Mash the potatoes, with a potato masher, to make a fairly smooth puree, and add the milk and butter. Add the egg whites, chopped fine, and grate the yolk for a garnish to sprinkle over the soup after it has been poured into soup bowls.

A Wholesome Salad

Halved tomatoes,	Hard-cooked eggs,
Dates,	Mayonnaise,
Cream cheese,	Lettuce.

Arrange a halved tomato on lettuce for each salad. Make a cut through the egg white, lengthwise, all the way around so that the yolk can be removed. Cut the white into long petals. Grate a part of the egg yolk, leaving about half of it in a firm piece Dip the solid piece of egg yolk in the grated part so that it has a nice fuzzy exterior. Arrange this on top of the tomato and place the white petals all around the tomato. Stuff dates with cheese and arrange in an outer circle around the plate. This is a main dish and dessert all in one.

(*From The Parent's Magazine*)

HOUSE HOLD HINTS.

Covers, cushions, curtains and carpets are very important in a home, writes H. Pearl Adam, in *The Observer*. She calls them the four C's, and says that when they do not go together, "One can go into a room and be met by such a blast of disharmony as would drown the largest orchestra that ever yet prevented one from having a nice doze between films." The four C's ought to be chosen together, as far as possible.

"The level of taste has risen, not merely as a matter of fashion; but as a matter of education." The English home is much less fussy and crowded to-day, than it used to be. Formerly, the ideal of a sitting-room was to be easy, and to concentrate on a central table with an ornament on it. "What is the ideal now? A Young Sahara, sparsely surrounded by furniture." In the modern room, the space in the centre is empty. Seeing that the room is furnished with the minimum amount of things, the colour designs naturally became much more important. "We no longer want roses on the floor, lace sweet-peas at the window, chrysanthemums on the walls, and a whole herbaceous border over all the chairs, not to mention a harvest-festival on the cushions." To-day, straight lines, plain colours and controlled designs are the vogue.

Paddy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

MAY.

1. Miss S. Bose, Jagdalpore.
2. Major Basu, Sitapur.
3. Mrs. T. V. Edwards, Ceylon.
4. Dr. L. G. Greene, Ghaziabad.
5. Mrs. K. Gopalan, Calicut.
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Begun in 1890. Thirty—Eighth year of publication

THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER

Edited by—K. Natarajan
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
STANDS FOR ALL ROUND PROGRESS
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Inland ... Rs. 7-8 (Post Free) Foreign ... Rs. 10 (Post Free)

Single copies of the current month, if available, can be had at Two Annas each, exclusive of postage. Back numbers of the year, 4 annas; issues of previous years, 6 annas.

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